

THE LIVING AGE.

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{ FROM BEGINNING
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CONTENTS.

I. Memories of Church Restoration. <i>By Thomas Hardy</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	515
II. New Light on "Old Wedgwood."	GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE	523
III. Beaujeu, Chapter XXVIII. Mr. Dane is Humble. Chapter XXIX. Love in a Cottage. <i>By H. C. Bailey</i> (To be continued.)	MONTHLY REVIEW	528
IV. The Cry of "Wolf!" <i>By Andrew Carnegie</i>	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	533
V. A Guardian of the Stork. <i>By Edward Vivian</i>	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL	541
VI. First Principles of Faith: A Basis for Religious Teaching. <i>By Sir Oliver Lodge</i>	HIBBERT JOURNAL	545
VII. The Tiger That Was Not. <i>By George Maxwell</i>	MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE	552
VIII. Ibsen's Craftsmanship. <i>By William Archer</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	558
IX. The End of the First Duma. <i>By Bernard Pares</i>	SPECTATOR	568
X. The Lords and the Education Bill.	ECONOMIST	571
XI. The Sleep of Flowers.	OUTLOOK	573
A PAGE OF VERSE		
XII. Kristna and His Flute. <i>By Laurence Hope</i>		514
XIII. It Happened in May. <i>By William Sharp</i>	PALL MALL MAGAZINE	514
XIV. One Fate for All. <i>By Richard Garnett</i>		514
XV. Bal Masque. <i>By Frederic Manning</i>	OUTLOOK	514
BOOKS AND AUTHORS		575



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KRISTNA AND HIS FLUTE.

Be still, my heart, and listen,
For sweet and yet acute
I hear the wistful music
Of Kristna and his flute.
Across the cool, blue evenings,
Throughout the burning days,
Persuasive and beguiling,
He plays and plays and plays.

Ah, none may hear such music
Resistant to its charms,
The household work grows weary,
And cold the husband's arms.
I must arise and follow,
To seek, in vain pursuit,
The blueness and the distance,
The sweetness of that flute!

In linked and liquid sequence,
The plaintive notes dissolve
Divinely tender secrets
That none but he can solve.
Oh, Kristna, I am coming,
I can no more delay.
"My heart has flown to join thee,"
How shall my footsteps stay?

Laurence Hope.

IT HAPPENED IN MAY.

A maid forsaken,
A white prayer offered
Under the snow of the apple-blossom:
To whom was it proffered?
By whom was it taken?
Well, I suppose
Nobody knows.

But somehow, the snows
Of the apple-blossom
Were changed one day.
A kiss was offered,
A kiss was taken:
And lo! when the maiden looked shyly
away,
Of bloom of the apple the boughs
were forsaken! . . .
But whiter and sweeter grew orange-
blossom!
Now this is quite true, I say,
And it happened in May.

William Sharp.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

ONE FATE FOR ALL.

I will not rail, or grieve when torpid
eld
Frosts the slow-journeying blood, for I
shall see
The lovelier leaves hang yellow on the
tree,
The nimbler brooks in icy fetters held.
Methinks the aged eye that first beheld
The fitful ravage of December wild.
Then knew himself indeed dear Na-
ture's child,
Seeing the common doom, that all
compelled.
No kindred we to her beloved broods.
If, dying these, we drew a selfish
breath;
But one path travel all her multitudes,
And none dispute the solemn Voice
that saith:
"Sun to thy setting; to your autumn,
woods;
Stream to thy sea; and man unto thy
death!"

Richard Garnett.

BAL MASQUE.

In the avenue the flutes
Lead the motley crew along:
Lovers, strumming on their lutes,
Sell their sorrow for a song.

Columbine and Pantaloon,
Masques and shepherdesses, move,
Underneath the silver moon,
And the statues seem in love.

Slender branches weave a net,
Blue, against the silver sky;
And the polished dolphins, wet,
In their polished basins lie.

Where the water in the light
Delicately mirrors, pale,
All the moving colors bright
Of our costumes floating frail.

Flutes and masques and statues seem
Not to be at all; but keep
All existence as a dream
On the borderland of sleep.

Frederic Manning.

The Outlook.

MEMORIES OF CHURCH RESTORATION.*

A melancholy reflection may have occurred to many people whose interests lie in the study of Gothic architecture. The passion for "restoration" first became vigorously operative, say, three-quarters of a century ago; and if all the mediæval buildings in England had been left as they stood at that date, to incur whatever dilapidations might have befallen them at the hands of time, weather, and general neglect, this country would be richer in specimens to-day than it finds itself to be after the expenditure of millions in a nominal preservation during that period.

Active destruction under saving names has been effected upon so gigantic a scale that the concurrent protection of old structures, or portions of structures, by their being kept wind and water-proof amid such operations counts as nothing in the balance. Its enormous magnitude is realized by few who have not gone personally from parish to parish through a considerable district, and compared existing churches there with records, traditions, and memories of what they formerly were.

But the unhappy fact is nowadays generally admitted, and it would hardly be worth adverting to on this occasion if what is additionally assumed were also true, or approximately true: that we are wiser with experience, that architects, incumbents, church-wardens, and all concerned, are zealous to act conservatively by such few of these buildings as still remain untinkered, that they desire at last to repair as far as is possible the errors of their predecessors, and to do anything but repeat them.

Such an assumption is not borne out by events. As it was in the days of Scott the First and Scott the Second—Sir Walter and Sir Gilbert—so it is at this day on a smaller scale. True it may be that our more intelligent architects now know the better way, and that damage is largely limited to minor buildings and to obscure places. But continue it does, despite the efforts of this society; nor does it seem ever likely to stop till all tampering with chronicles in stone be forbidden by law, and all operations bearing on their repair be permitted only under the eyes of properly qualified inspectors.

At first sight it seems an easy matter to preserve an old building without hurting its character. Let nobody form an opinion on that point who has never had an old building to preserve.

In respect of an ancient church, the difficulty we encounter on the threshold, and one which besets us at every turn, is the fact that the building is beheld in two contradictory lights, and required for two incompatible purposes. To the incumbent the church is a workshop; to the antiquary it is a relic. To the parish it is a utility; to the outsider a luxury. How unite these incompatibles? A utilitarian machine has naturally to be kept going, so that it may continue to discharge its original functions; an antiquarian specimen has to be preserved without making good even its worst deficiencies. The quaintly carved seat that a touch will damage has to be sat in, the frameless doors with the queer old locks and hinges have to keep out draughts, the bells whose shaking endangers the graceful steeple have to be rung.

If the ruinous church could be enclosed in a crystal palace, covering it to

* Read at the General Meeting of The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, June 20, 1906.

the weathercock from rain and wind, and a new church be built alongside for services (assuming the parish to retain sufficient earnest-mindedness to desire them), the method would be an ideal one. But even a parish composed of opulent members of this society would be staggered by such an undertaking. No: all that can be done is of the nature of compromise. It is not within the scope of this paper to inquire how such compromises between users and musers may best be carried out, and how supervision, by those who really know, can best be ensured when wear and tear and the attacks of weather make interference unhappily unavoidable. Those who are better acquainted than I am with the possibilities of such cases can write thereon, and have, indeed, already done so for many years past. All that I am able to do is to look back in a contrite spirit at my own brief experience as a church-restorer, and, by recalling instances of the drastic treatment we then dealt out with light hearts to the unlucky fanes that fell into our hands, possibly help to prevent its repetition on the few yet left untouched.

The policy of thorough in these proceedings was always, of course, that in which the old church was boldly pulled down from no genuine necessity, but from a wanton wish to erect a more modish one. Instances of such I pass over in sad silence. Akin thereto was the case in which a church exhibiting two or three styles was made uniform by removing the features of all but one style, and imitating that throughout in new work. Such devastations need hardly be dwelt on now. Except in the most barbarous recesses of our counties they are past. Their name alone is their condemnation.

The shifting of old windows, and other details irregularly spaced, and spacing them at exact distances, was an analogous process. The deporta-

tion of the original chancel-arch to an obscure nook, and the insertion of a wider new one to throw open the view of the choir, was also a practice much favored, and is by no means now extinct. In passing through a village less than five years ago the present writer paused a few minutes to look at the church, and on reaching the door heard quarrelling within. The voices were discovered to be those of two men—brothers, I regret to state—who after an absence of many years had just returned to their native place to attend their father's funeral. The dispute was as to where the family pew had stood in their younger days. One swore that it was in the north aisle, adducing as proof his positive recollection of studying Sunday after Sunday the zigzag moulding of the arch before his eyes, which now visibly led from that aisle into the north transept. The other was equally positive that the pew had been in the nave. As the altercation grew sharper an explanation of the puzzle occurred to me, and I suggested that the old Norman arch we were looking at might have been the original chancel-arch, banished into the aisle to make room for the straddling new object in its place. Then one of the pair of natives remembered that a report of such a restoration had reached his ears afar, and the family peace was preserved, though not till the other had said, "Then I'm drowned if I'll ever come into the paltry church again, after having such a trick played upon me."

Many puzzling questions are to be explained by these shiftings, and particularly in the case of monuments, whose transposition sometimes led to quaint results. The chancel of a church not a hundred and fifty miles from London has, I am told, in one corner a vault containing a fashionable actor and his wife, in another corner a vault inclosing the remains of a former venerable

vicar who abjured women and died a bachelor. The mural tablets, each over its own vault, were taken down at the refurbishing of the building, and refixed reversely, the stone of the theatrical couple over the solitary divine, and that of the latter over the pair from the stage. Should disinterment ever take place, which is not unlikely nowadays, the excavators will be surprised to find a lady beside the supposed reverend bachelor, and the supposed actor without his wife. As the latter was a comedian he would probably enjoy the situation if he could know it, though the vicar's feelings might be somewhat different.

Such facetious carelessness is not peculiar to our own country. It may be remembered that when Mrs. Shelley wished to exhume her little boy William, who had been buried in the English cemetery at Rome, with the view of placing his body beside his father's ashes, no coffin was found beneath the boy's headstone, and she could not carry out her affectionate wish.

This game of Monumental Puss-in-the Corner, even when the outcome of no blundering, and where reasons can be pleaded on artistic or other grounds, is, indeed, an unpleasant subject of contemplation by those who maintain the inviolability of records. Instances of such in London churches will occur to everybody. One would like to know if any note has been kept of the original position of Milton's monument in Cripplegate Church, which has been moved more than once, I believe, and if the position of his rifled grave is now known. When I first saw the monument it stood near the east end of the south aisle.

Sherborne Abbey affords an example on a large scale of the banishment of memorials of the dead, to the doubtful advantage of the living. To many of us the human interest in an edifice ranks before its architectural interest,

however great the latter may be; and to find that the innumerable monuments erected in that long-suffering building are all huddled away into the vestry is, at least from my point of view, a heavy mental payment for the clear nave and aisles. If the inscriptions could be read the harm would perhaps be less, but to read them is impossible without ladders, so that these plaintive records are lost to human notice. Many of the recorded ones, perhaps, deserve to be forgotten; but who shall judge?

And unhappily it was oftenest of all the headstones of the poorer inhabitants—purchased and erected in many cases out of scanty means—that suffered most in these ravages. It is scarcely necessary to particularize among the innumerable instances in which headstones have been removed from their positions, the churchyard levelled, and the stones used for paving the churchyard walks, with the result that the inscriptions have been trodden out in a few years.

Next in harm to the re-designing of old buildings and parts of them came the devastations caused by letting restorations by contract, with a clause in the specification requesting the builder to give a price for "old materials"—the most important of these being the lead of the roofs, which was to be replaced by tiles or slate, and the oak of the pews, pulpit, altar-rails, &c., to be replaced by deal. This terrible custom is, I should suppose, discontinued in these days. Under it the builder was directly incited to destroy as much as possible of the old fabric as had intrinsic value, that he might increase the spoil which was to come to him for a fixed deduction from his contract. Brasses have marvellously disappeared at such times, heavy brass chandeliers, marble tablets, oak carving of all sorts, leadwork above all.

But apart from irregularities it was

always a principle that anything later than Henry VIII. was Anathema, and to be cast out. At Wimborne Minster fine Jacobean canopies were removed from Tudor stalls for the offence only of being Jacobean. At an hotel in Cornwall, a tea-garden was, and possibly is still, ornamented with seats constructed of the carved oak from a neighboring church—no doubt the restorer's honest perquisite. Church relics turned up in unexpected places. I remember once going into the stonemason's shed of a builder's yard, where, on looking round, I started to see the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, in gilt letters, staring emphatically from the sides of the shed. "Oh, yes," said the builder, a highly respectable man, "I took 'em as old materials under my contract when I gutted St. Michael and All Angels', and I put 'em here to keep out the weather: they might keep my blackguard hands serious at the same time; but they don't." A fair lady with a past was once heard to say that she could not go to morning service at a particular church because the parson read one of the Commandments with such accusatory emphasis: whether these that had become degraded to the condition of old materials were taken down owing to kindred objections one cannot know.

But many such old materials were, naturally, useless when once unfixed. Another churchwright whom I knew in early days was greatly incommoded by the quantity of rubbish that had accumulated during a restoration he had in hand, there being no place in the churchyard to which it could be wheeled. In the middle of the church was the huge vault of an ancient family supposed to be extinct, which had been broken into at one corner by the pickaxe of the restorers, and this vault was found to be a convenient receptacle for the troublesome refuse from the

Ages. When a large number of barrow-loads had been tipped through the hole the laborer lifted his eyes to behold a tall figure standing between him and the light. "What are you doing, my man?" said the figure blandly. "A getting rid of the rubbish, sir," replied the laborer. "But why do you put it there?" "Because all the folks have died out, so it don't matter what we do with their old bone cellar." "Don't you be too sure about the folks having died out. I am one of that family, and as I am very much alive, and that vault is my freehold, I'll just ask you to take all the rubbish out again." It was said that the speaker had by chance returned from America, where he had made a fortune, in the nick of time to witness this performance, and that the vault was duly cleared and sealed up as he ordered.

The "munificent contributor" to the expense of restoration was often the most fearful instigator of mischief. I may instance the case of a Transition-Norman pier with a group of shafts, the capitals of which showed signs of crushing under the weight of the arches. By taking great care it was found possible to retain the abacus and projecting parts supporting it, sculptured with the vigorous curled leaves of the period, only the diminishing parts, or the bell of each capital, being renewed. The day after the re-opening of the church the lady who had defrayed much of the expense complained to the contractor of his mean treatment of her in leaving half the old capitals when he should have behaved handsomely, and renewed the whole. To oblige her the carver chipped over the surface of the old carving, not only in that pier, but in *all* the piers, and made it look as good as new.

Poor forlorn parishes, which could not afford to pay a clerk of works to superintend the alterations, suffered badly in these ecclesiastical convul-

sions. During the years they were raging at their height I journeyed to a distant place to supervise a case, in the enforced absence of an older eye. The careful repair of an interesting Early English window had been specified; but it was gone. The contractor, who had met me on the spot, replied genially to my gaze of concern: "Well now, I said to myself when I looked at the old thing, 'I won't stand upon a pound or two: I'll give 'em a new window now I am about it, and make a good job of it, howsoever.'" A caricature in new stone of the old window had taken its place.

In the same church was an old oak rood-screen of debased Perpendicular workmanship, but valuable, the original coloring and gilding, though much faded, still remaining on the cusps and mouldings. The repairs deemed necessary had been duly specified, but I beheld in its place a new screen of deal, varnished to a mirror-like brilliancy. "Well," replied the builder, more genially than ever, "I said to myself, 'Please God, now I am about it, I'll do the thing well, cost what it will.'" "Where's the old screen?" I said, appalled. "Used up to boil the workmen's kettles; though 'a were not much at that!"

The reason for consternation lay in the fact that the bishop—a strict Protestant—had promulgated a decree concerning rood-screens—viz., that though those in existence might be repaired, no new one would be suffered in his diocese for doctrinal reasons. This the builder knew nothing of. What was to be done at the re-opening, when the bishop was to be present, and would notice the forbidden thing? I had to decide there and then, and resolved to trust to chance and see what happened. On the day of the opening we anxiously watched the bishop's approach, and I fancied I detected a lurid glare in his eye as it fell upon the illicit

rood-screen. But he walked quite innocently under it without noticing that it was not the original. If he noticed it during the service he was politic enough to say nothing.

I might dwell upon the mistakes of architects as well as of builders if there were time. That architects the most experienced could be cheated to regard an accident of churchwardenry as high artistic purpose, was revealed to a body of architectural students, of which the present writer was one, when they were taken over Westminster Abbey in a peripatetic lecture by Sir Gilbert Scott. He, at the top of the ladder, was bringing to our notice a feature which had, he said, perplexed him for a long time: why the surface of diapered stone before him should suddenly be discontinued at the spot he pointed out, when there was every reason for carrying it on. Possibly the artist had decided that to break the surface was a mistake; possibly he had died; possibly anything; but there the mystery was. "Perhaps it is only plastered over!" broke forth in the reedy voice of the youngest pupil in our group. "Well, that's what I never thought of," replied Sir Gilbert, and taking from his pocket a clasp knife which he carried for such purposes, he prodded the plain surface with it. "Yes, it is plastered over, and all my theories are wasted," he continued, descending the ladder not without humility.

My knowledge at first hand of the conditions of church-repair at the present moment is very limited. But one or two prevalent abuses have come by accident under my notice. The first concerns the rehanging of church bells. A barbarous practice is, I believe, very general, that of cutting off the cannon of each bell—namely, the loop on the crown by which it has been strapped to the stock—and restrapping it by means of holes cut through the crown itself. The mutilation is sanctioned on the

ground that, by so fixing it, the centre of the bell's gravity is brought nearer to the axis on which it swings, with advantage and ease to the ringing. I do not question the truth of this; yet the resources of mechanics are not so exhausted but that the same result may be obtained by leaving the bell unutilized and increasing the camber of the stock, which, for that matter, might be so great as nearly to reach a right angle. I was recently passing through a churchyard where I saw standing on the grass a peal of bells just taken down from the adjacent tower and subjected to this treatment. A sight more piteous than that presented by these fine bells, standing disfigured in a row in the sunshine, like cropped criminals in the pillory, as it were ashamed of their degradation, I have never witnessed among inanimate things.

Speaking of bells, I should like to ask cursorily why the old sets of chimes have been removed from nearly all our country churches. The midnight wayfarer, in passing along the sleeping village or town, was cheered by the outburst of a stumbling tune, which possessed the added charm of being probably heeded by no ear but his own. Or, when lying awake in sickness, the denizen would catch the same notes, persuading him that all was right with the world. But one may go half across England and hear no chimes at midnight now.

I may here mention a singular incident in respect of a new peal of bells, at a church whose rebuilding I was privy to, which occurred on the opening day many years ago. It being a popular and fashionable occasion, the church was packed with its congregation long before the bells rang out for service. When the ringers seized the ropes, a noise more deafening than thunder resounded from the tower in the ears of the sitters. Terrified at

the idea that the tower was falling they rushed out at the door, ringers included, into the arms of the astonished bishop and clergy, advancing, so it was said, in procession up the churchyard path, some of the ladies being in a fainting state. When calmness was restored by the sight of the tower standing unmoved as usual, it was discovered that the six bells had been placed "in stay"—that is, in an inverted position ready for the ringing, but in the hurry of preparation the clappers had been laid inside though not fastened on, and at the first swing of the bells they had fallen out upon the belfry floor.

After this digression I return to one other abuse of ecclesiastical fabrics, that arising from the fixing of Christmas decorations. The battalion of young ladies to whom the decking with holly and ivy is usually entrusted, seem to be possessed with a fixed idea that nails may be driven not only into old oak and into the joints of the masonry, but into the freestone itself if you only hit hard enough. Many observers must have noticed the mischief wrought by these nails. I lately found a fifteenth-century arch to have suffered more damage during the last twenty years from this cause than during the previous five hundred of its existence. The pock-marked surface of many old oak pulpits is entirely the effect of the numberless tin-tacks driven into them for the same purpose.

Such abuses as these, however, are gross, open, palpable, and easy to be checked. Far more subtle and elusive ones await our concluding consideration, which I will rapidly enter on now. Persons who have mused upon the safeguarding of our old architecture must have indulged in a reflection which, at first sight, seems altogether to give away the argument for its material preservation. The reflection is that, abstractly, there is everything to

be said in favor of church renovation—if that really means the honest reproduction of old shapes in substituted materials. And this too, not merely when the old materials are perishing, but when they are only approaching decay.

It is easy to show that the essence and soul of an architectural monument does not lie in the particular blocks of stone or timber that compose it, but in the mere forms to which those materials have been shaped. We discern in a moment that it is in the boundary of a solid—its insubstantial superficies or mould—and not in the solid itself, that its right lies to exist as art. The whole quality of Gothic or other architecture—let it be a cathedral, a spire, a window, or what not—attaches to this, and not to the substantial erection which it appears exclusively to consist in. Those limestones or sandstones have passed into its form; yet it is an idea independent of them—an æsthetic phantom without solidity, which might just as suitably have chosen millions of other stones from the quarry whereon to display its beauties. Such perfect results of art as the aspect of Salisbury Cathedral from the northeast corner of the Close, the interior of Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster, the East Window of Merton Chapel, Oxford, would be no less perfect if at this moment, by the wand of some magician, other similar materials could be conjured into their shapes, and the old substance be made to vanish for ever.

This is, indeed, the actual process of organic nature herself, which is one continuous substitution. She is always discarding the matter, while retaining the form.

Why this reasoning does not hold good for a dead art, why the existence and efforts of this Society are so amply justifiable, lies in two other attributes of bygone Gothic artistry—a material

and a spiritual one. The first is uniqueness; such a duplicate as we have been considering can never be executed. No man can make two pieces of matter exactly alike. But not to shelter the argument behind microscopic niceties, or to imagine what approximations might be effected by processes so costly as to be prohibitive, it is found in practice that even such an easily copied shape as, say, a traceried window does not get truly reproduced. The old form inherits, or has acquired, an indefinable quality—possibly some deviation from exact geometry (curves were often struck by hand in mediæval work)—which never reappears in the copy, especially in the vast majority of cases where no nice approximation is attempted.

The second, or spiritual, attribute which stultifies the would-be reproducer is perhaps more important still, and is not artistic at all. It lies in human association. The influence that a building like Lincoln or Winchester exercises on a person of average impressionableness and culture is a compound influence, and though it would be a fanciful attempt to define how many fractions of that compound are æsthetic, and how many associative, there can be no doubt that the latter influence is more valuable than the former. Some may be of a different opinion, but I think the damage done to this sentiment of association by replacement, by the rupture of continuity, is mainly what makes the enormous loss this country has sustained from its seventy years of church restoration so tragic and deplorable. The protection of an ancient edifice against renewal in fresh materials is, in fact, even more of a social—I may say a humane—duty than an æsthetic one. It is the preservation of memories, history, fellowships, fraternities. Life, after all, is more than art, and that which appealed to us in the (maybe)

clumsy outlines of some structure which had been looked at and entered by a dozen generations of ancestors outweighs the more subtle recognition, if any, of architectural qualities. The renewed stones at Hereford, Peterborough, Salisbury, St. Albans, Wells, and so many other places, are not the stones that witnessed the scenes in English Chronicle associated with those piles. They are not the stones over whose face the organ notes of centuries "lingered and wandered on as loth to die," and the fact that they are not, too often results in spreading abroad the feeling I instanced in the anecdote of the two brothers.

Moreover, by a curious irony, the parts of a church that have suffered the most complete obliteration are those of the closest personal relation—the wood-work, especially that of the oak pews of various Georgian dates, with their skilful panellings, of which not a joint had started, and mouldings become so hard as to turn the edge of a knife. The deal benches with which these cunningly mitred and morticed framings have been largely replaced have already, in many cases, fallen into decay.

But not all pewing was of oak, not all stonework and roof timbers were sound, when the renovators of the late century laid hands on them; and this leads back again to the standing practical question of bewildering difficulty which faces the protectors of Ancient Buildings—what is to be done in instances of rapid decay to prevent the entire disappearance of such as yet exists? Shall we allow it to remain untouched for the brief years of its durability, to have the luxury of the original a little while, or sacrifice the rotting original to instal, at least, a reminder of its design? The first impulse of those who are not architects is to keep, ever so little longer, what they can of the very substance itself

at all costs to the future. But let us reflect a little. Those designers of the Middle Ages who were concerned with that original cared nothing for the individual stone or stick—would not even have cared for it had it acquired the history that it now possesses; their minds were centered on the aforesaid form, with, possibly, its color and endurance, all which qualities it is now rapidly losing. Why then should we prize what they neglected, and neglect what they prized?

This is rather a large question for the end of a lecture. Out of it arises a conflict between the purely æsthetic sense and the memorial or associative. The artist instinct and the caretaking instinct part company over the disappearing creation. The true architect, who is first of all an artist and not an antiquary, is naturally most influenced by the æsthetic sense, his desire being, like Nature's, to retain, recover, or recreate the idea which has become damaged, without much concern about the associations of the material that idea may have been displayed in. Few occupations are more pleasant than that of endeavoring to re-capture an old design from the elusive hand of annihilation.

Thus if the architect have also an antiquarian bias he is pulled in two directions—in one by his wish to hand on or modify the abstract form, in the other by his reverence for the antiquity of its embodiment.

Architects have been much blamed for their doings in respect of old churches, and no doubt they have much to answer for. Yet one cannot logically blame an architect for being an architect—a chief craftsman, constructor, creator of forms—not their preserver.

If I were practising in that profession I would not, I think, undertake a church restoration in any circumstances. I should reply if asked to

do so, that a retired tinker or rivetter of old china, or some "Old Mortality" from the almshouse, would superintend the business better. In short, the opposing tendencies excited in an architect by the distracting situation can find no satisfactory reconciliation.

Fortunately cases of imminent disappearance are not the most numerous of those on which the Society has to pronounce an opinion. The bulk of the work of preservation lies in organizing resistance to the enthusiasm for newness in those parishes, priests, and churchwardens who regard a church as a sort of villa to be made convenient and fashionable for the occupiers of the moment; who say, "Give me a wide chancel arch—they are 'in' at present"; who pull down the west gallery to show the new west window, and pull out old irregular pews to fix mathe-

The Cornhill Magazine.

matically spaced benches for a congregation that never comes.

Those who are sufficiently in touch with these proceedings may be able to formulate some practical and comprehensive rules for the salvation of such few—very few—old churches, diminishing in number every day, as chance to be left intact owing to the heathen apathy of their parson and parishioners in the last century. The happy accident of indifference in those worthies has preserved their churches to be a rarity and a delight to pilgrims of the present day. The policy of "masterly inaction"—often the greatest of all policies—was never practised to higher gain than by these, who simply left their historic buildings alone. To do nothing, where to act on little knowledge is a dangerous thing, is to do most and best.

Thomas Hardy.

NEW LIGHT ON "OLD WEDGWOOD."

It is odd and a little provoking that materials essential to a full technical understanding of the work of Josiah Wedgwood, England's most famous potter, should come to light long after he had received what was excusably regarded as a sufficiently complete and final biographical treatment. Both Miss Meteyard and Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt published their "Lives" of Josiah Wedgwood seventy-five years after his death, and it was a reasonable assumption that all the material for their work was then available, and that the passage of time would diminish rather than add to the store of perishable knowledge at the command of his biographers. But forty years after their labors—supplemented by the admirable monograph of Professor Church—there is made, by the magic of chance, a discovery of fresh material which fills up all the gaps in our knowledge of Wedgwood and his works.

The discovery made a few months ago at his old works at Etruria of a rich collection of the examples of his early work are valuable enough from the collector's point of view, and it is little wonder that the present "house" (composed of his descendants), coming into such a splendid and unexpected inheritance, has decided that treasures sufficient in themselves to furnish forth a representative museum of Wedgwood's works shall take that permanent form, and be open to all students of pottery in general or collectors of Wedgwood in particular. But valuable as the discoveries are as a new store to gratify the eyes of virtuosi, they are not less to be prized for the flood of light which they throw on Wedgwood's method of work. Their preservation is in itself a wonder. For at least sixty years these priceless examples of Wedgwood's art lay, in their rotting crates, in obscure rooms

of the pottery, and were regarded so much as part and parcel of the settled lumber of the works that curiosity never disturbed them, and so the neglect which placed and left them there really preserved them. But a few months ago the idea came that the apparently useless lumber, familiar to several generations, must justify the space it occupied, and so a perfunctory examination, soon passing into an incredulous astonishment, was the first step towards the comprehensive museum which now gives an historical continuity to the products of the Wedgwood dynasty. The treasures were covered with the dust of years, and it was only after they had been thoroughly cleaned, and the marks "Wedgwood and Bentley" could be discerned on the pieces of finished ware, and the faded ink on old Josiah's notes on his thousands of patient trials could be read, that the extent of the discovery dawned on the discoverers. For successive generations single examples of the great potter's work had been treasured at the factory which he built in 1769 and christened Etruria, but here was a sudden and overwhelming discovery of treasures which beggared all the isolated examples that had been so jealously guarded and proudly displayed. One might say of Etruria that it had unearthed its Herculaneum.

This discovery of ware, moulds, and trials, with the two volumes of letters of Josiah Wedgwood to his partner Bentley which have recently been printed for private circulation, by Wedgwood's great-granddaughter, Lady Farrer, really constitute together so much added material for the proper appreciation of Wedgwood's life and work as to suggest that the subject yet awaits final and exhaustive treatment. Mr. Jewitt did not have the advantage of access to the correspondence in the hands of the Wedgwood family, and so his book is strongest on the technical

side of Wedgwood's work. Miss Meteyard's "Life," which contains certain letters from the correspondence which Lady Farrer has had printed in full, was strongest on the personal side; but the new material available suggests that a combination of the distinctive qualities of the two biographies might now distinguish a final and complete estimate of Wedgwood and his work. The collector of Wedgwood who may visit the Museum will naturally be most attracted by the finished examples of his ware—the vases, urns, cameos, intaglios, plaques, busts, and ornamental pieces which have come to light, many of them indubitably the very earliest examples of his Etruria work, such as the cauliflower ware, the first somewhat crude examples of which were executed by Whieldon, with whom Wedgwood was in partnership as a young man, but which, as the recovered examples in the Etruria Museum show, were vastly improved by Wedgwood when this, his first partnership, came to an end. But though these "things of beauty" remain unimpaired joys in themselves, the innumerable examples of his trials—they run into thousands—afford a much better means of understanding his methods. Each has its reference number, in Wedgwood's own writing, with explanatory notes, and though the key has not been found they show, as nothing yet has done (for these are the only trials of his that have ever come to light) the orderly process of his mind and methods. It may safely be said that no modern potter expends anything like the same care in detail as these trials reveal Wedgwood to have done. The stress of competition and the mechanical development of the modern pottery industry leave no time for such methodical and reasoned attention as he bestowed, though an exemption from this criticism must be made in the case of those who have naturally had to

carry on at Etruria the traditions which he bequeathed to them. A supremely patient care has always been attributed to Wedgwood as one of his chief merits, but here we have for the first time evidence that the credit due to him on this point has even been under-estimated. Rather, one might say, what had to be deduced is now proved by thousands of witnesses which contain their own proof. "The dramatic element of surprise," says a modern literary critic looking for a dramatic effect where it is not to be found, "chased by machinery out of the other industrial arts, still clings to this art of Pottery. Consider. You put a piece of clay into your oven, use your last stick of furniture to keep the fire alight, and draw it out to find that it has become—what?" Well, that naïve question implies an outsider's uninstructed conception of the modern potter's art. The modern potter, following well-worn tracks, knows exactly what he expects, and generally gets it, and there is no margin for the "element of surprise" in a commercial pursuit which can afford to take no risks and "is not in the business for its health." But these endless rows of trials of old Josiah Wedgwood show him to have been an unrelenting experimentalist all his working life—seeking for a sure effect, but turning his failures into successes by following up the hints they gave for fresh developments, leaving nothing to chance or unexplained, disdaining to profit by haphazard results until he had accounted for them and could repeat them, and following up every clue, however unpromising. And it is only when one sees these trays of his trials—trials of bodies, glazes, color, slips, and applied clay—that one fully realizes the patience which fortified his inspiration, and which enabled him, largely a pioneer in unbroken ground, to achieve the finished successes which are ranged in the other cases round the walls. They

are the goal, but the milestones on the road were many, as we may see; and the contrast suggested between his and modern methods compels a regret that an industrial art with illimitable possibilities has, save for a few shining exceptions, been narrowed within the limits of a deadening routine commercialism which is content to take—and to leave—things as it finds them, and to seek its "improvements" mainly in the sphere of mechanical facility and cheapened production.

Wedgwood's reputation as the most conscientious and painstaking potter of his or any day has thus been enormously strengthened by the Etruria discoveries, but they demonstrate also the amazing resource and variety of his mind. The thousands of original pitcher models which also have been found show how wide was the range of his Etruria work, and are in themselves enough to stock a pottery with working material, and happily most of them are in perfect condition. For the perfection of daintiness nothing better has been done in the art than the tiny intaglios in basalt which Wedgwood executed. The chief virtuosi and collectors of the day were numbered among his patrons, and whenever he saw a rare cut ring or gem on a patron's finger, or among the household treasures in the mansions of the great, he sought permission to take a mould, brought out his wax, and bore away the prize to Etruria. From the wax impression he duly obtained the pitcher die from which the intaglios were made, and most of them have now been discovered with their delicate outlines as sharp as ever, and equal to the reproduction of copies as good as those of his own day. The care taken in the preparation of these pitcher moulds and dies admirably illustrates his general methods. He imbedded a large tree trunk in the earth when building his workshops, and carried it

through the roof of the first floor. Its top was fashioned as a table for the workmen on the second floor, and on this substantial base, free from the least tremor save a seismic shock to Mother Earth herself, his minute dies were made. The tree trunk is there to-day, and still serves its purpose, and provides one instance out of many of the difficulty of improving upon his practical method of manufacture.

Some of Flaxman's wax models are among the discoveries, and the most interesting are those of the chessmen which he designed (he took Mrs. Siddons for the Queen), and which Wedgwood executed in jasper, but these are not sufficiently well preserved for reproductive purposes.

The examples brought to light of his early Queen's or Ivory ware are among the best executed in that class, and many of the pieces are the original pattern pieces which were placed before the workman for his guidance and emulation, and therefore may be taken as choice pieces representing Wedgwood's exacting idea of what was required—they were his "file copies," in fact. Agate ware, encaustic vases (red painting on a black body, and occasionally the reverse), lustre pieces (with their lustre undimmed) blue printed ware, solid jasper and dipped jasper, and black basalt ware (with the texture hardened and polished by age to an almost metallic complexion) are among the varieties of his finished pieces that have come to light.

But from the popular point of view the discoveries connected with the famous Portland Vase are probably the most interesting. Everything connected with its manufacture has been found, from the original complete plaster mould which Wedgwood took directly from the vase itself when the Duke of Portland entrusted it to his hands, to the wax models made by Webber from which the actual working

pitcher moulds for the figures in relief to be superimposed upon the body of the vases were eventually made. The processes involved in the preparation of the moulds shows what was required for the production of the fifty copies (only twenty-four of which survived all their vicissitudes, and came out of the oven unscathed) which Wedgwood sold for £50 apiece, but which are now worth so many times that sum. The plaster mould which Wedgwood took was not used in the process of manufacture at all—its function apparently was to produce the cast which served as the copy for Webber the modeller. Webber modelled the figures in wax much larger than the figures on the case, to allow of the shrinking in production. Then from the waxes plaster casts were made, and from this in turn were derived the pitcher moulds which when fired shrank to several sizes less than the waxes, and this ended the first stage. Then from these pitcher moulds of the sectional figures, smaller than the waxes but still larger than the figures ultimately to go on the vase, the latter would be derived, and these when fired shrank to the actual size, and girdled the vase with its story without a break or any overlapping. Webber had therefore to allow for two oven shrinkings in modelling his waxes, but his calculations seem to have been made to a hair's-breadth accuracy.

In the letters which Lady Farrer has printed there are many references by Wedgwood to the rivalry of his competitors, and nothing is more striking about Wedgwood's personality, as revealed in the letters, than the spirit of liberality with which he regarded his imitators. His show-rooms in London were besieged by fashionable ladies literally clamoring for vases faster than Etruria could produce them, house-parties of the nobility from the neighboring halls of Keele and Trentham

were constantly at his works, eminent travellers by coach from London to Liverpool and the North broke their journey at Newcastle-under-Lyme to call at the famous pottery, the King and Queen gave him more than a perfunctory patronage, the "vase madness," as he described it in a letter to Bentley, broke out even in remote parts of Ireland, the ambassadors from the Court of St. James became "ambassadors of commerce" to introduce his wares to the courts to which they were accredited, and the rage for "Wedgwood" almost became a hall-mark of cultured taste outside as well as in his own land, for in 1771 he writes to his partner:

I think we should not sell to Italy and neglect the other Princes in Germany and elsewhere who are waiting with so much impatiencé for their turn to be served with our fine things, unless you think it better to send all to one place at a time that we may first do the business in Italy then in Germany & so on to Spain Mexico Indostan China Nova Zemle and the Ld. knows where.

Such success naturally begat envy, and every development of his art was greedily watched by his rivals, and sometimes his caution prompts him to devise means to keep fresh workmen (who might be the agents of his rivals commissioned to learn his secrets) apart from the older hands; and leads him to beg Bentley up in London not to show certain vases to any but the quality ("for depend upon it, if you don't take this precaution they will be here in a week after being shown in the rooms"), and so to "balk the spies who are haunting the rooms." But he speaks in these very uncommercial tones of a sedulous rival: "The match likes me well—I like the man, I like his spirit. He will not be a mere snivelling copyist, like the antagonists I have hitherto had, but will venture to step

out of the lines upon occasion, and afford us some diversion in the combat." There spoke the artist potter, and the same spirit is emphasized in a letter to Bentley in 1769, when he says the time has come to choose between two alternatives, commercial secrecy and furtiveness or a liberal love of the work for work's sake:

With respect to myself there is nothing relating to business I so much wish for as being released from these degrading slavish chains, these mean selfish fears of other people copying my works—how many new and good things has, and still does, this selfish principle prevent my bringing to light? I have always wished to be released from it and was I now free I am perswaded that it would do me much good in body more in mind, and that my invention woud. so far from being exhausted by giving a free loose to it that it woud. increase greatly. . . . Dare you step forth, my dear friend, and associate, and share the risque and honor of acting on these enlarged principles?

Josiah Wedgwood pursued these "enlarged principles" much to the advantage of the potter's art, and not to his own disadvantage, for he left a very large fortune to his children. But if that art has not since his day kept pace with its advancement in his hands—an advancement from a crude industry to the summit of artistry—it is not because the field for research or improvement is exhausted. It was Wedgwood's summary way to smash bad work at sight with a big stick; and one wonders what he would have thought of the contents of one of the most interesting shelves of the Museum, where are ranged examples of spurious "Wedgwood," which are such ludicrous travesties of his work or of the work of his descendants, following his own models, as to introduce a breath of the comic spirit into the humdrum realm of commercial dealing. Would his "enlarged principles," one

wonders, have embraced even these grotesque examples of the spirit of rivalry? But though the industry has not paid him the flattery of an imitation good enough to deceive, fresh ground has been broken here and there which would have commanded his hearty admiration. And his own traditions have happily survived at Etru-

The Gentleman's Magazine.

ria during all these years, though they must certainly receive a fresh impetus from the discovery of so many inspiring examples of his work on the spot where they were fashioned, to say nothing of the recovery of his working models, which will allow of his successes of a century and a half ago being repeated to-day.

BEAUJEU.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. DANE IS HUMBLE.

The trees in Cobham Park stood golden in the sunshine. They had no charm for Lady d'Abernon, who required sympathy, and bestowed it upon herself lavishly. She had indeed always thought that Helen would end so. She had always been sure of it. Alack, why was Helen her daughter? Sure, she had done her duty by the girl. 'Twas not for lack of plentiful warning she had gone astray. Lady d'Abernon assured herself that she had always acted according to the most reputable traditions. It was, in fact, some consolation to know that in hurrying her daughter out of town she was following the wisdom of half a score great ladies. Reputations—it was confessed at court—became convalescent in the shires. With careful skill the girl might be found a husband yet. Lady d'Abernon sniffed lavender and sighed. Ah, if only Helen had been guided by her she might have had one already. But the girl was always a fool. So like her father.

The trees in the park stood golden, yet brought no joy to another anxious heart. Jack Dane came striding along the white road, a better sight since his twelve-hours' sleep at the inn, but still very grave and dull-eyed. He was grown much older in a week.

"Mr. Dane requests the honor of an audience of Lady d'Abernon."

The lackey shook his head. "My lady is not within, sir."

"In that case—you will take my name to Mistress d'Abernon." Mr. Dane stepped into the hall.

"Sir—indeed sir—" the lackey recoiled as Mr. Dane advanced.

"You are, I conceive, a servant?" Mr. Dane inquired. And at that the lackey retired. Waiting in the hall Mr. Dane heard an angry voice. He walked on the sound—he entered Lady d'Abernon's parlor, and "My lady, your most humble," says he with the lowest of bows. My lady who was rating the footman stopped, stammered, flushed, and stared.

"How dare you?" she cried. "William!" and she glared at the lackey and waved her hand to Mr. Dane. William made a hesitating advance, for Mr. Dane was large, and he appeared to intend to stay.

"My lady, I beg your pardon. I pray you grant me a few moments."

Lady d'Abernon, seeing no help for it, waved the lackey away, and "How dare you?" she repeated feebly when he was gone.

Mr. Dane drew himself up. "I know why you take me so, ma'am. But I'll not insult your daughter in telling you she is blameless. Why she came to me—"

"You? I thought it was the Frenchman," cried Lady d'Abernon.

Mr. Dane flushed. "You seem to think many strange things," he said sharply. "But sure you must know why she came to me."

"Know? What is there to know?" cried Lady d'Abernon, whose imagination furnished only one explanation.

"More than her kind mother has guessed, ma'am," says Mr. Dane flushing. "She was charged by—by a great lady with a message to me. She could not find me at Laleham's rout and came to Beaujeu's house seeking me."

"And who will believe that?" says Lady d'Abernon with contempt.

"I'll convince any man!"

"You'll never stop the town talking," says my lady. "Oh, the girl's a fool."

"Pardon me. I'll not allow that said of the lady whom I hope to have to wife."

"What, now?" cried Lady d'Abernon in sincere surprise.

"I do not understand you," said Mr. Dane coldly.

Lady d'Abernon gaped, not prettily. For behold a miracle. But even for her fool of a daughter it was her religious duty to do her best. So, "Of course you cannot in honor offer less, Mr. Dane," says she severely.

"I beg you permit me to see Nell," says Mr. Dane.

"But what would you provide for her?" said the affectionate mother.

Mr. Dane looked down at her sneering: "I desire to settle upon her all I have but the entailed lands," he said coldly.

Lady d'Abernon opened her mouth: "All?" was the sound that came at length. "All?" in an awed tone. Then she recovered herself. "Pish! 'Tis no more than your mother's dower. Well, sir, do I learn that you promise that?"

"I do."

"'Tis little enough. I had hoped for

a better match. Since you have so used the girl——"

"I have asked that I may see Nell, ma'am," says Jack sharply.

"Oh, there can be no denying now. Pray remember, Mr. Dane, that we have small cause to thank you."

"I have not desired you," said Jack.

Lady d'Abernon made a scornful noise, rang the bell, and turned away from him.

Nell was reading; "The Faery Queen" was laid down as Jack came in, and she rose. Only the faintest color marked her cheek. She waited for Jack to speak, and Jack bowed and stood silent. They looked at each other frankly, man and maid, till his glance wavered and he flushed: "Nell, can you forgive me?" he said in a low voice. "I am come to ask your pardon"; and he waited staring at the ground.

"Jack," said Nell softly. He looked up. She was holding out her hand, and he fell on his knee and took it and kissed it. Nell stooped forward and laid her other hand on his shoulder. "Ah, Jack, I am glad," she whispered, and he saw her gray eyes smile at him. "We'll forget, Jack," she cried gaily, and tossed back her brown curls.

Jack rose from his knee. "You make me feel the more brute," he said slowly. "Faith, I deserve it."

"I know," said Nell. "Yes, I know you are sorry. But indeed 'twas only just a moment—that you—you forgot." She blushed a little. "'Tis all over, Jack," and she smiled.

Jack came nearer and took her hand. "Nell, I persuaded your mother to let me see you——"

"And how did you do that?" cried Nell gaily.

"To ask you—to ask you——" says Jack, and flushed and stammered. "Nell, 'tis many a year—and I have not always been——. Nell, can you be my wife?"

As he spoke a blush flooded her cheeks, but she looked frankly in his eyes, and "Why—why do you ask?" she said slowly.

"Nell, dear—will you try trust me?" says Jack. "Nell, indeed, dear heart—" and he drew her closer.

But she put up her hand against him. "Jack, you are cheating me! You are cheating yourself!" she cried, very pale.

"By heaven, no!" says Jack, and, meeting her eyes, "Ah, Nell, you'll learn to trust me again?"

"Yes, I trust you now; see!" and she laid her white hands in his. "I know—I know you are fond of me—but 'tis not, not so. You are sorry, only sorry. Jack, is 't not true?" she cried. "You think you ought, and so you ask me—Ah, Jack, is it fair?" and the full red lips quivered and faint lines were traced on her brow.

But still Jack held her hands and looked into her dark gray eyes. "On my honor, Nell, you are wrong," says he in a low voice. "I'll not cheat you. I'll not say I have never had thought of another lady. But I think I have loved you since you could walk. Even at my basest, Nell—. Faith," he laughed an instant, "you know how base—and but for you I'd still be the same sorry prigster. Nell, Nell, I'm not such a rogue that I'd ask you if I did not love you with all my heart."

"Ah, you think it, now," Nell murmured, and the lines on her brow grew deeper. "You believe it just now, Jack. But after—" and her throat was a-trembling and her eyes misty.

"Dear, you are trying to doubt," Jack cried. "Will you not try to believe? . . ." He drew her closer: "Tell me there is another man would make you happier and I—" his voice went away. "I—God knows I'd give you joy and— and go." She did not answer, and he took both her hands in one of his and set his arm about her. "'Tis not that," he whispered in her ear. "'Tis only

one answer I'll take now, Nell," and he drew her closer. She did not stay him, the furrows on her brow grew smooth, the quick uneasy breath fell calm.

"I'll not cheat neither, Jack," she said very quietly. "I'll not answer now. Indeed, indeed I can't. Wait awhile—wait till Christmastide," and as he frowned, "Ah, Jack, is it not fair to me?" she cried.

"I'll wait your own time, dear," says Jack in a moment: and then, smiling a little, "dear, let it be short," he whispered: and a dimple trembled in her cheek as she blushed.

She let him hold her in his arm a while, then gently moved away and led him to the window. "When the leaves are gone, Jack," she said, and pointed to a great tree.

"Oh, lud," says Jack, gazing, "'tis an oak!"

Nell laughed gaily and held out both her hands. "Go pray to them, sir," says she, and Jack knelt again and kissed the two white hands. But as he was shutting the door, "Jack," said Nell softly, and he turned again, "I forgot they were oak leaves."

"And I'll not remember," says Jack, and departed.

When the moon was up Nell sat all white by her window looking out northward at the pole star shining bright above the moor. "I wonder," says Nell very low. She leant out and drew deep breaths of the sweet night air. Then, as she walked to her bed: "No, I'm sure," she whispered, "I'm sure," and she laughed and hid her blushing face in the thyme-scented pillows.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

They were praying to the weathercock outside St. Clement Danes. It was public now, it was in print under his own hand that William of Orange was coming to free England from tyr-

anny, Papists, and his father-in-law. So good honest citizens gathered around the vanes to pray for a Protestant east wind. And in Whitehall King James was clapping into the fire every copy of Prince William's declaration that the tipstuffs could bring him and giving orders to revoke and rescind all the ordinances of his three years' reign. He complained pathetically to my lord Sunderland that his wicked people would not believe him sincere. But how should good Protestants ('twas asked in a nameless leaflet writ by M. de Beaujeu) trust a King who persecuted Bishops, who had made a Prince of Wales of a butter-woman's brat?

M. de Beaujeu sat in his room over the river guiding, with Mr. Healy, the storm. There was plentiful work. So many fine gentlemen must needs come and confide to him now that they had in truth been for many years devoted to freedom's cause—so many more must write and beg the honor of an occasion to serve His Highness of Orange (whose name indeed had been for a decade in their humble prayers). Withal there was the town and its passions to watch and guide. Good citizens must be roused by rumor and pamphlet to fierce wrath against their King. The 'prentices and the mobile must have their leaders and their rallying cries. Sure, the King must not be let doubt a moment that his people had him in bitter bate.

So M. de Beaujeu had plentiful work, and he tried to lose himself in it, for it seemed that Mistress Charlbury had vanished off the earth. Healy and Jack and he had beat the town for her—she had been sought in the old home at Byfleet—and all was for nought. So Jack was gone to raise his Kentish tenantry and Beaujeu was left to work and forget. And he could do neither thoroughly. An hour's fierce labor would end in his staring stupid at a paper or pacing peevishly up and down

the room a long while, his mind numb. Yet since monsieur was working for his own greatness, he made no mistakes, he left nought undone, the strings of the great revolt were firm held in his hand. And Mr. Healy marvelled alike at his brain and his heart.

There were two noble gentlemen, Patrick O'Gorman and Richard Rutter, gentlemen with whose arm-bones Mr. Healy's sword was acquainted, could have brought tidings of moment to monsieur. Detailed by my lord Sherborne to go a-spying on Mistress Charlbury they had done their duty. While Beaujeu was pinking my lord Wickham they had beheld Mistress Charlbury mount her coach. Mr. Rutter and Mr. O'Gorman sped after it as best they could, but being over-good friends of strong ale had stitches in their sides and lost it in Kennington Lane. For which they were little thanked by my lord Sherborne.

But my lord having some light was guided. Mr. O'Gorman and Mr. Rutter and their gallant companions, my lord's private bullies, were set to converse in all the ale-houses on the western roads. It was a grateful task, and after joyous weeks Mr. Rutter ran his quarry to ground in a little house by the river at Isleworth. Mr. Rutter, though slightly drunk, was sure that he knew the tall woman picking roses, and he lurched off gurgling with glad tidings.

So on the next day my lord Sherborne, his crimson velvet bedewed with the autumn mist, strode into a little dark wainscoted room, and stood smiling before Mistress Charlbury.

Rose started up very pale, and her hand caught at her breast: "You?" she gasped. "You?"

"And why not I, child?" says my lord, smiling. "Since your noble husband has cast you off."

"And who says that, my lord?" Rose cried.

My lord laughed. "Does it need saying? Why else are you hiding here? I' gad, I know what he was when you lied for him, and sure you yourself know him now—'tis a knave that uses you for any scoundrelly turn and——"

"My lord!" she cried fiercely, flushing.

My lord approached and laid his hand on her shoulder, but she started from his touch. His blue eyes were dull. "Rose," says he, in a low voice, "I am not come to hurt you—not that, God knows," and he met her searching gaze. "I am come to help, child. I thought at first he had placed you somewhere. But now," his voice rose higher, "now he has scorned you—spite of all—and you" (my lord's voice was unsteady), "you are hiding for shame. So I come. Rose, I want to help. Will you not trust me again? You trusted once, child."

Rose had grown pale again. "It was before I knew you, my lord," she said coldly.

Sherborne muttered something—then caught her hands. "'Tis my quarrel if 'tis yours, Rose," he cried, "let me repay."

"Repay?" Rose echoed it, wide-eyed in amazement.

"Ay, sure, you must hate him now at least!" He grasped her hands harder, he was growing crimson, and Rose stared at him as at a madman. "Let me make the knave answer it!" cried Sherborne. "Let me take up your wrongs."

"I have no wrongs, my lord," said Rose coldly. "Please you, release my hands."

Sherborne flung them away from him and started back. The veins swelled in his temples, and his breath came noisily. A moment he glared at her, then "What? What?" he cried hoarsely. "Still mad for him? Well! you may make your adieux to him, mistress. Begad, I will now make an end!" He eyed her an instant, smiling upon her

but unlovely, then caught up his hat and strode off.

Rose caught her breath. At any cost, my lord must not be let go thus—'twas death for Mr. Dane or his ruin, and in that cause all must be dared. "No—no, I protest, my lord," she gasped. "I—I yearn for him to be punished." Sherborne turned in the doorway and eyed her curiously. "I pray you—tell me what you would do."

Sherborne stared at her a moment, and then, "Bah, did you think to fool me so?" he snarled. "Tell you? And have you warn him and save him again? No, begad, you'll not bubble me twice."

"Indeed, my lord, 'tis not so. How can you think I would save him again?" says poor Rose anxiously. "'Twas yourself said I must hate him at heart, and——"

But Sherborne laughed: "Ay, you can act. All the town knows that. But I am not the King to be cheated so, ma'am." Then his brow darkened. "Zounds, you must be curst, to love him so—and he'd not even stir to take you—oh, God!" My lord compared his own case.

"I say that I do not love him, my lord," cried Rose blushing.

"Why, then, we'll prove it. Soon, egad, there'll be nought of him live to love, and then—will you weep for him? Not you, child, for you do not love him. Give me some wine then, and I'll drink you hell to Beaujeu!"

Rose had caught her hand to her breast and gazed at his bloodshot starting eyes. "I—I have tried to cheat," she said unsteadily. "I do love him yet. My lord, if you love me, indeed, you'll not do this thing."

"If?" cried Sherborne. "God, what would you ask me? I have offered you all of mine time and again? And would your fine flame Beaujeu do as much?" My lord's passions conquered his speech.

"You talk of love, my lord," says the girl quietly, while he mumbled and muttered. "If you love me you'll not harm whom I love."

My lord seemed to himself to listen to ravings. "By God, 'tis the pure reason," he cried amazed. "Well, mistress, we'll see if you love the dead," and he turned away.

Rose gave a little gasp. "Stay yet," she murmured, and my lord lingered, looking at her. She blushed and could not speak for a while. Then, looking down at the ground, "If you care to take me, who do not care at all for you—you may, my lord," she said.

"Ay! As the price for his life," cried my lord.

"Since you must have a price," said the girl.

My lord stared at her a while. Then, "No, ma'am," he said, and he laughed. "I'll account with him first. You," his eyes were greedy, "you shall come after," and on that he went out, leaving her all trembling and cold.

So Rose's maid must needs go into town on the carrier's wain, and M. de Beaujeu found in his hall a letter.

"Dear,—Pray look well to yourself. My lord Sherborne hath sworn your death, and means it. *Rose.*"

M. de Beaujeu, striving to find how and whence it had come, drove himself and all his household near madness.

The Monthly Review.

(To be continued.)

H. C. Bailey.

THE CRY OF "WOLF!"

Transferred from New York to London one finds himself at once in a new atmosphere. In the former, as a citizen of a continent under one flag, with no enemies to fear, the exciting incidents of life are domestic. He is concerned only with internal affairs. What takes place in other parts of the world, with rare exceptions, is to him matter of curiosity rather than importance.

Reading the newspapers in London for a day, all is changed. He realizes that he is again in the old Island Home, unfortunately "engulfed in the vortex of militarism," to use Sir Wilfrid Laurier's phrase. Telegrams from European capitals bear directly upon the aspirations and generally the hostile intentions of the various rival countries of Europe. Germany in the Morocco dispute, the designs of Turkey upon Tabah Harbor, Russia's designs upon India, Germany's unquenchable ambition to rival Britain on the sea—these

or subjects of similar import are laid before the Briton day after day, and sinister interpretations generally given to ordinary routine events.

The furthest of European capitals is nearer to London than cities from which the American gathers the daily news of his own country, but although the field of his interest equals the whole of Europe, there is nothing to arouse suspicion or jealousy, the issues arising being home questions. In the old home, on the contrary, the cry of "Wolf!" is rarely absent. There is usually some real or imaginary danger menacing it from some quarter, calling for increased armaments on sea and conscription on land. This is in some degree inevitable, for Europe being an armed camp with millions of men trained and ready to attack or repel the attack of each other, the cry of "Wolf!" is ready to burst forth at every rustling leaf in the forest. All Europe sleeps in fear, and hears the wolf in ter-

rible dreams which afflict her nightly, and this although the past shows that a generation of alarms may all be false.

There are occasions no doubt, though rare, when reason for apprehension may arise, but there seem to the writer to be two pure delusions which especially afflict Britain. One is the cry of "Russian wolf!" When an increased army is demanded it is against this it is said to be needed. In Mr. Balfour's weighty speech upon British defence this stands in the foreground. A great reserve army must be held in Britain, prepared, capable, and ready to reinforce the army in India when the Russian wolf appears. How the fear of Russian attacks upon India arose it is difficult to understand. It is true that she has annexed coterminous territory, but never yet have we been able to obtain from any source a reasonable explanation why Russia should desire or why she would take, if offered, such a burden as control of India. Unlike the other regions annexed by her, India is to-day already fully populated, if not over-populated. There is no room there for Russians any more than for Britons to settle, and if there were, the climate, fatal to British, would be equally so to Russian occupation. Britain obtains no decided advantage from India, which trades freely with all nations. It cannot be made to yield revenue to any foreign occupant without sapping allegiance. Its occupation can only be a drain upon the military power of the occupant, as it is admittedly the chief drain upon that of Britain. It is not in the nature of things that seventy or eighty thousand foreign troops can hold control of three hundred millions of people when these become intelligent, as the people of India are fast becoming through British schools. Were Britain free from India to-day it would be unwise in her to take possession if that were offered, because it can never be colonized. It must be

held by force, and hence remain foreign to the conquering nation, union being impossible. These considerations are not likely to be overlooked by Russia, even if she may "demonstrate" now and then, in the tortuous throes of European politics, as if she seriously had intentions of menacing British power in India. It would not be good sense for Russia to add India to her responsibilities even if gifted to her. But assuming for a moment that Russia could commit the fatuous folly of invading India, there would still be the people of India to be reckoned with. The writer travelled through India and was introduced to educated natives by American officials, who, without exception, were upon terms of closest intimacy with the people. To the Briton, his master, the Indian is naturally reserved; to the American he is drawn by sympathetic bonds. Conversation was quite free and unrestrained, and the writer believes that he thus obtained an insight into the situation in India which few Britons can secure. That there is a strong and growing desire on the part of educated Indians ultimately to govern their own country goes without saying. They would not be educated if this aspiration did not arise within them. Education makes rebels against invaders. Material benefits conferred by them, however great, count for little against the spirit of national independence. As we write we hear of unrest even in Egypt, where the invaders' rule has been exceptionally fruitful. The slaveholders in America were quite justified in putting to death under the law any man who taught their slaves to read, if we concede their right to continue the system of slavery, for it is obviously necessary that slaves be kept in ignorance. The British policy in India has been grandly different. The young Indians are educated in British colleges and schools, and read British history. They know the long

and glorious struggle of the people against absolute monarchs. Their heroes are the heroes of our English-speaking race. They have the story of Washington and the American Revolution, and what is even more significant, they have taken deeply to heart the support which some of the foremost statesmen and many of the people of Britain gave to the Americans fighting "for British liberties." British history cannot be read and understood without inspiring within the studious reader under military control an invincible resolve to free and govern his own country.

Following Indian affairs with interest, the writer judges that within recent years this sentiment has grown rapidly and is continually strengthening. The native Press proves this. Let there, then, be no delusion about the Indian problem. The aim of the educated there to-day is to govern their own country some day, and this sentiment must soon permeate the others, but notwithstanding this the writer can bear testimony to one important fact, highly creditable to British rule: not one Indian ever spoke upon the subject who did not express decided preference for British supervision over that of any other Power. The safety of Britain lies in this, and if the issue ever were made, which is highly improbable, indeed almost impossible to assume, of Britain *versus* Russia, or Britain *versus* Germany, or Britain *versus* any other Power or combination of Powers, there would not be two parties, but one solid people determined to support Britain. It says much for Britain that after nearly two centuries of control this preference exists. No other people are to be compared with the British as rulers of others, and foremost of all their qualities is that they execute righteous judgment. The people of India appreciate this.

Russia, or any other Power or combi-

nation of Powers, invading India, therefore, would have to reckon not only with the military forces of Britain, but with the power of the whole people of India behind them. It is not Russia, nor any nation of Europe, nor all the nations combined that Britain has to fear in such a contest, for no nation but Britain could have done for India and her people what she has done. The people of India know this well.

If India be properly guided, therefore, no violent revolution need be feared. The movement toward independence would be orderly and slow, although irresistible. We can imagine India deciding to set up for herself, as we can imagine Canada or Australasia, as the daughter, leaving the mother's house to establish a home for herself, followed by the love of the mother, fully reciprocated by the daughter. The true policy of Britain, in the opinion of the writer, is to say some day soon to India, as she has said to Canada and Australasia, that if she ever feels the time has arrived when she must establish government for herself, so be it. Not a hand will be raised against her; she will go with the mother's blessing. It is because this has been said to the British self-governing Colonies that they remain loyal Colonies to-day. Proclaim coercion and the part of America would soon be played by them over again. When India is told this, the effect will be as it has been with the Colonies—viz. to bind her closer and to keep her longer than otherwise within the Empire.

As far as the military and other British authorities in India are concerned, their advice as to policy is generally worse than worthless—it is misleading. Constant contact with a danger feared renders sound judgment upon it impossible. They are as men sitting upon the safety-valve with the escaping steam roaring in their ears and who advise putting additional pressure upon:

the valve to keep it down, which would be disastrous. Force here is no remedy. Safety lies in letting it escape more freely; less, not more, pressure is the only policy. Lord Kitchener's activity in strengthening the British military position in India so ostentatiously is in the wrong direction. True, Russia is proclaimed the ostensible enemy feared, but the intelligent people of India know better. If all were known, it is not Russian or any foreign attack that the military officials dread. It is the growing home-rule sentiment they consider dangerous to British control. It is against the people of India, not against the foreigner, that the legions are to be moved. It would be a fatal mistake for Britain to ignore the truth that intelligent natives take keenly to heart and brood over the fact that no native regiment is entrusted with artillery. The people of India fully recognize the significance of this. It invites serious thought as revealing mistrust. As long as it exists it will tell the story of foreign subjection, military occupation, a just conqueror, yet a conqueror and all that this implies. There is no Russian wolf or any other that can find desirable prey there, or which could capture it from the people of India if there were. The British army needs no strengthening to meet this imaginary Russian danger, neither to meet the danger of intensified native dissatisfaction, for the sure and only effective cure for that is to begin at once an enlargement of native participation in the government, holding out the promise that Britain is teaching them to become self-governing in due time. The problem is internal, not external. It is within, not without, India that the wolf lurks. So much for India and delusion number one.

There is a second British delusion, in the opinion of the writer, as wild as the first and equally baseless: Germany as a rival to Britain upon the sea. The

fear of German rivalry is well grounded, but it is on the land, not on the water. Her industrial development is a great fact in the world's history, which cannot fail to attract attention. She is already a great Empire, and rapidly growing greater. The 121,000 square miles of Britain cannot hope to support more than three-fifths of the people the 209,000 square miles of Germany can and will soon maintain. It cannot hope to produce as much iron and steel, nor to continue to increase its percentage of shipping, as rapidly as Germany. Although adding much more yearly, the percentage of increase of Germany must be greater, since she has comparatively so little shipping in the aggregate; but because Germany has increased and is to increase, it does not follow that Britain has decreased or will decrease thereby in either department. It simply means that two-thirds more territory will ultimately support two-thirds more people, and the people will produce so much more. Nothing that Britain can do will prevent this. It is highly probable that it is the progress of Germany as an industrial Power which has aroused the unreasonable jealousy of her as a naval, shipping, and colonial Power, which, as far as we can see, is baseless.

This "wolf" cry shares the exaggerations of Dame Rumor with her thousand tongues. Germany's alleged ambitions which alarm the timid, when compared with the means she has of accomplishing these alleged stupendous designs, are rendered positively chimerical. The supposed would-be mistress of the seas has a naval tonnage less than that of America, and according to the latest figures she has only twenty-four battleships against Britain's fifty-five, tonnage 204,581 against 732,480, more than three to one. *The Statesman's Year Book*, 1904, gives four armored cruisers against twenty,

thirty-nine protected cruisers against fifty-four, forty-seven destroyers against one hundred and thirty, one submarine against ten. No one ever questions the efficiency of the British navy. Ship for ship, it compares favorably, to say the least, with that of any other Power. So say the naval officers of other countries. This because, unlike the army, the British navy is a profession. Britain's shipping compared with Germany's is as ten and a half to two and a third million tons (1904), say nearly five to one.

The German "wolf" in both naval and shipping form is a very small one to make so great a cry. Only those who measure it can realize how groundless the alarm is.

It must clearly be only in union with another navy that the German navy can be seriously considered. Surely the most timid Briton can sleep soundly without fear of the French navy ever being so utilized, but even if it were, the two combined would still be inferior to that of Britain. So would it be were the Italian and the Austro-Hungarian combined with it. There formerly remained the Russian navy, but the question of Russian naval support is relegated to the future. What possible combination is there, then, that should alarm the Briton? There cannot be one who imagines that America could be induced to become the ally of Germany or of any European Power, or combination of Powers, against the old home. No one can even imagine the issue upon which such a combination could be based. On the contrary, if the invasion of Britain were ever imminent, a wild supposition, in all probability America would be found at her side. The Briton disturbed about what the German navy might do in combination with any possible ally imagines vain things.

The truth is that the naval disablement of Russia has thrown the pro-

gramme adopted for increasing the British navy out of all proportion. We read of no less than eight battleships under construction. The increase of French and German navies is comparatively trifling in comparison. The Liberal Government, searching for a field for necessary reduction of expenditure, has it at hand in the navy. With a capacity for producing warships not less than that of Europe combined, Britain can safely follow America in deciding this year to build none, and at most one battleship per year hereafter for years to come; even this one may be found unnecessary.

It is in order to-day in Britain to exclaim against the increase of armaments and demand an agreement of the Powers to cease increasing. Each nation insists that it is compelled to increase its warships because others do. The real culprit, therefore, is the nation that leads the way. Britain has just launched a larger and more powerful ship than any hitherto known. Here she takes the lead. Germany, if we are to trust newspapers, has determined to build one to match the *Dreadnought*, and President Roosevelt has asked the American Congress to do so. The blame of enlargement is here solely upon Britain. No such monsters as proposed would have been built by either Germany or America if Britain had not challenged them. A second British battleship was launched the other day, the *Agamemnon*, said to be the greatest of all. Here is another challenge. The guilty one is he who sets the pace. The House passed the President's request for the one battleship to equal the *Dreadnought*. He had previously stated that America has now a navy large enough, and her policy hereafter is only to keep the present navy efficient, for which one battleship a year is sufficient. No increase in ships is desired. One hundred and thirty-five votes in Congress were cast

against building even the one monster asked for to maintain the efficiency of the present fleet, but it obtained a small majority. In the Senate, however, under the guidance of one of the wisest men in public life in America, Senator Hale, Chairman of the Naval Committee, it was resolved not to pass the Bill for the new ship until the complete plans thereof had been laid before the Committee and approved. This postpones the Bill for a year at least. The writer does not believe the President is at all grieved at the delay. Such is public sentiment in the Republic to-day upon naval expansion, and such the Government policy as announced by President Roosevelt. Here is an example which should not be lost upon Britain. If Britain, as the leading naval Power, were to call the attention of France and Germany to the declared policy of America, and intimate a willingness to join them in following America's example, much might be accomplished. If not, the Liberal peaceful party of Britain would have at least done what might be expected of it. It would be greatly to its credit that it had offered to co-operate with the Republic, thus throwing the united voice of the English-speaking race in favor of ceasing to increase the number or power of warships for mutual destruction.

There is another alleged source of apprehension in regard to Germany—her ambition to become a great Colonial Empire. The German Emperor is truly a great ruler. He has infused his patriotic fervor throughout the Empire and has become a commanding figure in the world, no titular sovereign but the real leader of his people. Ambitious for Germany undoubtedly. Why not? He is to be extolled for his intense devotion to his country, as King Edward is for his, but he is also credited, we believe justly, with great good sense: ambitious if you please,

but still guided, let us say, by some degrees of judgment. He must know that the one great failure of Germany so far is her colonial possessions.

Germany's colonial policy is of very recent growth. It began in 1884. Tongoland, 33,000 square miles, population (1904) one million and a half, has only 189 Europeans, 179 of these Germans. Kamerun, 191,000 square miles, a half larger than the United Kingdom, has only 710 whites, of whom 638 are Germans. German South-west Africa, 322,450 square miles, much larger than the German Empire, has 200,000 belonging to Hottentot, Bushman, Bantu and Damara races; Europeans only 4682; number of Germans not given; the garrison 606 officers and men. Kiau-Chau Bay has a population of 1,200,000, whites only 3,735, number of Germans not given. German East Africa has 384,000 square miles, population 6,700,000, mostly mixed tribes of Bantu race; European population only 1437, of whom 1102 are Germans. Marshall Islands, twenty-four in number, population 15,000; Europeans only eighty-one, of whom Germans sixty-one. Bismarck Archipelago has only 203 Germans. In the whole German Colonial Empire there are not twenty thousand white people, certainly not fifteen thousand Germans.

The total trade of Germany in 1903 with her Colonial Empire was:

Imports to Germany, 376,750*l*.

Exports to Colonies, 1,221,300*l*.

Britain's trade with the Channel Islands exceeds this. An enemy of Germany might well wish her more colonies. Britain could do worse than offer her a gift of more than one extensive area she has rashly taken under her wing in recent years, which can never be the home of Britons, nor anything but a source of loss and anxiety.

It is clear that Germany is incapable of becoming a colonizing Power. First, she has not the great surplus popula-

tion needed. Fortunately, there is work in Germany for her increase, thanks to her Emperor in good measure, whose attention to and sense in business affairs are remarkable. Second, of her small surplus 96 per cent. go to America, mostly to relatives and friends already there who have sent for them because profitable work awaits. This startling fact should never be overlooked. Third, assuming that the German Emperor and his advisers have only average good sense, yet they must see that her emigration, such as that upon a vast scale to America, or in less volume to Southern Brazil, or even upon the smallest scale, inevitably results in the German emigrant becoming a citizen of the country he settles in, and a peaceable, industrious, and loyal citizen he is. This is so even with the emigrant himself, who generally becomes naturalized, while his children born abroad are loyal citizens of their native land. Little trace of the German remains; they are soon merged in the prevailing type and lost to Germany.

Germany's present settlements in Africa and China can never be colonies, but only stations held by garrisons involving more expense than there can be return, and what must be more disappointing, the German element must remain a foreign element as the British is in India. Neither Germany nor any other Power can ever create an America or Canada or Australasia as Britain has, and which have made her the only possible "Mother of Nations," since her emigrants remain of the race. She stands and must stand alone in this sublime office.

That a Colonial Empire can be founded hereafter that will add to the strength of the European founder is a delusion. South America is closed. Europeans cannot colonize in the Far East or in India. They must ever remain a permanent invader, among but

not of the native people. There is not a known region to-day in the world open to colonization worth possessing which can be colonized by Europeans and become part of the parent European Empire.

We have had, even in America, faint echoes of the "wolf" cry of German Colonization in South America with resultant danger to the Monroe Doctrine. The able German Ambassador in Washington, Baron von Sternberg, has recently banished these for ever. We commend this subject to the attention of those timid Britons who hear and even see the German wolf of Colonial Empire in their disordered dreams. The story is soon told. Emigration from the whole German Empire is not as great as that from Ireland, small as that now is. In 1900 it was only 22,000; 1901, 32,000; 1902, 36,000; 1903, 38,000; 1904, 27,924.

South America began to attract Germans about ninety years ago, when Brazil received its first German immigrants. To-day there are about two hundred thousand of German extraction, descendants of these immigrants, in its southern parts. These are now loyal Brazilians and excellent citizens lost to Germany. The Argentine Republic has attracted very few Germans. Out of a total of 2,279,000 immigrants between 1857 and 1895, there were only 25,000 Germans, but many of these are prominent citizens, all loyal to the core to the Republic, as the Germans in America are to her. Here is the point to be noted by European empire-builders, "the offspring of the early settlers in South America have almost invariably renounced or lost their German citizenship and have embraced the citizenship of their adopted country. They have not the remotest thought of returning to their former homes." Such is the statement of the German Ambassador referred to.

In the published official news of the

German Government upon emigration, we read, "Emigration in the eyes of the law is an economic phase of the social life of the Nation which in itself is an economic loss to the Commonwealth. It should not receive Government aid regardless of the country of its final destination."

German emigration from 1871, the year of the unification of the Empire, up to 1894, was and still is almost wholly to America. Out of a total of 2,616,731, no less than 2,399,803 went there. In 1904, 26,085 went to America out of a total of 27,984. No trace of additional power has this added to Germany. On the contrary, it is all her loss and all America's gain. Germans cease to be German and become naturalized Americans.

To show to what lengths baseless fears can lead their victims when this cry of "Wolf!" is raised, we give the figures of German emigration to America, Brazil, and all other South American countries for the past seven years:

	Number of Emigrants in recent years to—			
	United States	Brazil	All other S.A. States	Total
1898 .	18,563	821	1,139	22,221
1899 .	19,806	896	997	29,323
1900 .	19,703	364	330	22,399
1901 .	19,912	402	271	22,073
1902 .	29,211	807	263	32,098
1903 .	33,649	693	252	36,310
1904 .	26,085	355	316	27,984

Let us repeat, Germany, fortunately for herself, has not surplus people to colonize any part of the world. What she has go to America to friends, about twenty to thirty thousand a year, and only a few scattering hundreds to other countries.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

So fades into nothingness the phantom of German colonization in South America and Africa or anywhere else. It will surely be impossible to raise the colonial "wolf cry" again in face of this complete exposure of the non-existence even of the wolf's shadow.

From the race point of view, our English-speaking race is the only important gainer by emigration, which flows almost wholly to America. One and a quarter million emigrants are expected this year, and probably a hundred thousand in Canada. The flow elsewhere consists only of a few thousands here and there, scarcely worth considering. What this means may be inferred from there being already in America, according to the 1900 census, twenty-six millions of German descent, merged or steadily merging in the dominant American English-speaking type, all traces of German origin rapidly fading away. So with other lands. All lose their emigrants. Britain only transplants hers, hence the certain supremacy of the English-speaking race at no distant date, because it is not only keeping its own increase, but absorbing the emigrants of other races as well.

Meanwhile the Briton who dreads either Russian "wolf" in India or elsewhere, or the German "wolf" on Sea, or in Colonial Empire, or in Shipping, is the victim of imaginary fears. No danger is to be apprehended from either, even if his navy were much less powerful and his army were considerably reduced.

Andrew Carnegie.

Skibo Castle: June 10, 1906.

A GUARDIAN OF THE STORK.

Lieutenant Stanley Trethowen halted by the doorway of the white-walled courtyard of an Egyptian house in the least savory quarter of Khartoum. Into this he turned, striding in, though the place was unfamiliar to him, with that air of easy, good-humored assurance which seems a natural endowment of the British officer.

A man—an Englishman clearly, despite his gauntness and sun-tan—started up suddenly from his seat on a camel's pack-saddle.

"Trethowen!" he exclaimed. "What on earth!"—

"Well, here you are in the flesh, Huntsman," said the visitor heartily. "I've come across you at last, thanks to Dunstable. He put me on your tracks."

"You are just in time to see the end of me," said Huntsman bitterly.

"Morbid as ever!" said Trethowen. "Down on your luck, I suppose, as usual?"

"Stone-broke," said Huntsman.

"Don't you find yourself getting used to that state?" said Trethowen ironically.

"Not I!" ejaculated Huntsman.

"You've had considerable experience of it."

"There's no need to remind me of that," said the other. "I'm sick of it all—sick of this life of mine. I'm without money, without heart, and with the worst reputation of any European in Egypt. Either of these qualifications, let alone the three, ought to be enough for one man."

Trethowen made no reply, unless flicking with his cane a full goatskin of water suspended against the wall could be interpreted as answer.

At that instant there came the sound of terrific uproar, a hideous snarling

and grunting, from an adjacent courtyard.

"That's All's camels," said Huntsman. "All's been my only friend here in Khartoum. His camels are always fighting. I must go in to them. I promised to look after them while he went to the Governor's palace. Sha'n't be many minutes."

Huntsman hurried away as the horrid din grew in volume, and the lieutenant seated himself on the camel-saddle to await the return of the man who once had been his intimate friend. That had been years ago now, far away in the days before degradation had come upon the one and honor to the other; in the days when, of those knowing them, few could have foretold to which would have fallen the good or the ill.

Trethowen looked around him curiously, and ground his heels into the dried-mud floor. What a wretched place it was! His attention was attracted by a small mat spread on the earthen floor by the side of the pack-saddle. Upon this a number of little articles were arranged: a clasp-knife, an empty leather pouch, a few small copper coins, and such-like insignificant trifles. Trethowen smiled, and his amusement was not without an admixture of pity, as it broke upon him that he had unexpectedly disturbed Huntsman in a stock-taking of his worldly possessions. In the centre of the mat was a tiny bottle of green corrugated glass. It lay in a little square of much-creased paper, in which it evidently had been wrapped.

Stanley Trethowen picked up the phial, half-expecting and half-fearing to know the grim truth. It was as he had feared; his dread had been the adum-

bration of a ghastly fact—the bottle was labelled “Cyanide of Potassium!”

“Poor Alec!” thought Trethowen. “Poor old fellow! Had it come to this? I was only just in time, then.”

When Huntsman returned the other was at the entrance to the quadrangle, waiting for him.

“Here you are!” cried Trethowen. “I had almost given you up. Should have been coming after you, or else on my way back to quarters in another couple of minutes, if you hadn’t turned up.”

Huntsman leaned against the wall despondently, and, without replying, watched a Soudanese with a *ginkra* away down the dusty roadway.

“Couldn’t look you up before, old man,” went on Trethowen. “I’ve been up the Nile these last eight months, sudd-cutting. Now I’m in temporary charge of the Zoological Gardens here in the absence of Peterson-Adams. There’s a favor I want to ask of you, Huntsman. May I?”

The lieutenant looked at this outcast, this wrecked specimen of what had once been an English gentleman, and with exquisite tact asked a favor.

“Huntsman, in the Zoological Gardens here we have a stork that Castle-nau the explorer brought down a few months ago from the Great Lakes. The bird is one of the most valuable in the world—one of the famous whale-headed storks. I expect you know more about them than I do; you always were fond of all sorts of birds and beasts, I remember.”

“Do you want me to be a companion to your stork?” said Huntsman, summoning a smile.

“That’s it, exactly,” said the lieutenant. “I do. The species is rare; only two similar specimens have been shown in Europe, those taken by John Petherick in 1860. We want to send this one to the Zoological Gardens in London. I want you to take charge of it and convey it thither.”

Huntsman’s eyes gleamed at the offer, but he said, “don’t trust me, old fellow. I shall play the fool.”

“I can and will trust you yet, Huntsman. The bird is of immense value. I shall want you to guard it as you would your life, to give it every possible care. I would rather lose my commission than that anything should happen to that stork before you could get it to London.”

But Trethowen’s solicitude was less for the stork than for the man, less for a bird than for his erstwhile comrade.

“You know you can’t depend on me,” said Huntsman. “I am certain to gamble away the passage-money, or give it away, or lose it, or get drunk and start carving up the stork with a table-knife. If I go, everything is at your risk.”

“Huntsman, play the man for once,” said Trethowen. “You are no fool. You have this one chance; do your best. Take the stork to London. I will write and try to get you a berth in the old country, among friends who will keep you straight. Try to start a new life there.”

“Remember, then,” said Huntsman, “it’s at your risk, and that’s no small one. I was born to play the fool.”

Nevertheless, he kept himself a paragon of rectitude during the long and tedious railway journey to Alexandria. The world-famous stork, which he guarded as the apple of his eye, was in superb condition, and Huntsman had regained not a little self-respect by the time he had settled his precious charge aboard the *Sheba*, and the great Egyptian port, and the stretch of the coast-line had become an indistinct, monotonous line over the steamer’s stern-rail.

The amount of self-restraint which Huntsman was compelled to exert during that first week perhaps none could realize save he who passed through the experience. It was a quality which years of dissolute life had been far

from having any tendency to cultivate. That the bird in his guardianship was one of such value and rarity and, above that, Trethowen's confidence and trust in him, were the restraining influences that kept Huntsman straight. Huntsman, through it all, had a sub-conscious feeling that nothing of less import or degree could have been sufficient, and strove with all the manhood his old comrade had resuscitated to be worthy of the trust Trethowen had reposed in him.

The stork was found well-ventilated quarters, where the warmth from the engine-room would keep the air at an equable temperature. So careful was Huntsman that he stayed with his charge the greater part of the day, visited the bird in the night not infrequently, and watched it devour its daily allowances of fish with an exaggerated solicitude.

So several days passed uneventfully enough. The whale-headed stork (or the "shoe-billed stork," as its species is oftentimes called) proved a great source of attraction to those on board until it was no longer a novelty; and many came daily to inspect their strange fellow-passenger.

It was late in the afternoon; the visitors had all departed, and Huntsman was left alone with his charge. He was searching his pockets for a pencil-case, and from behind the wire-netting that partitioned his quarters the beautiful gray-plumaged bird watched his keeper with meditative eyes.

At this moment something, that fell heavily as a pebble might, struck the floor, bounded, rolled. It slipped beneath the wire-screen, and lay, a small white-wrapped thing, upon the plank-ing. It took Huntsman ten seconds to realize what he had dropped, to comprehend that it was the phial of virulent poison which for months he had carried constantly with him, and of

which many a time he had been on the eve of making deadly use.

Action came upon the heels of thought quick as the imprint after a footstep in snow. Huntsman plunged forward to seize the fatal bottle. But to no man is it given to attain the alertness of bird and beast. The whale-headed stork gave a dart of its neck, a plunge with its gigantic lead-colored beak. It had swallowed the phial!

For a space Huntsman remained absolutely motionless, stricken to rigidity with amazement and horror. He gazed at his priceless charge as though he expected to see it then and there expire before his eyes. The shock of the terrible catastrophe seemed veritably to stun him for a time. Not a single course of action could he think of now that he was faced with nascent tragedy. Recovering himself, he ran shouting for the ship's surgeon. Soon Dr. Cuttenthrust and Captain Maloney were in the berth which had been appropriated for the bird. The stork was not dead; it stood, solemn and sedate, exactly as it had been before. Its serenity was undisturbed.

"Doctor," cried Huntsman excitedly, "tell me, in Heaven's name, what can be done?"

"You say the bird has swallowed a bottle of poison?"

"Yes; a small phial of cyanide of potassium that I always carried. When it dropped, the bird seized it before I could pick it up."

"Very interesting case," said Dr. Cuttenthrust. "I'm afraid we can do nothing, though. What good would it be to use the stomach-pump on a stork like that, or give it an emetic or white of egg? Mere throwing away of good stuff. But our whale-headed friend takes it pretty quietly. How long ago did it happen?"

"Not five minutes."

"He ought to show some symptoms of discomfort by this time."

"The phial was wrapped in paper, and had a glass stopper," said Huntsman.

"That accounts for it," said the doctor. "Probably the stopper hasn't come out yet."

"Perhaps it won't," said Huntsman, catching at the least straw of hope.

"It's bound to work out soon in the crop of a big bird like that," said Cuttenthrust.

"Can't you operate?" cried Huntsman desperately. "Cut the bird open and take out the phial. There may be time to do it before the mischief is certain."

"It's not to be done. It would most certainly be fatal," said the doctor, with a shake of his head.

"I can't offer you anything," Huntsman said. "I have nothing to give; but I can promise that if you save the bird you will be handsomely treated by the authorities. Isn't there a chance?"

"Not the ghost of one," said Cuttenthrust.

"Tut! Don't take on so, man," cried Captain Malony. "It's only a burrd."

Huntsman and the doctor watched and waited for the coming of the worst all the remainder of that day. Much marvellous intelligence had flown through the ship on a hundred tongues, but not one of the curious was admitted to that sacrosanct chamber of gloom. Nothing in the least unusual happened. At eleven o'clock Cuttenthrust went to his berth, disgusted. He slept excellently well; but Huntsman, true as steel to his trust, stayed with his charge all the dreary night, determined to be at hand when the dreadful and inevitable time should come. As for the stork, it went quietly to sleep.

At dawn the doctor relieved Huntsman, who took a few hours' rest. Then, through the day and the night that followed, the two, despite Captain Malony's fluent ridicule, kept in turn a watch upon the bird. At the end the bird seemed in as excellent health

as ever. Majestic in all its great stature, and poised generally on but a single leg, it regarded with gravity their every attention.

Those days and nights of self-imposed restraint, of hope and fear, had the profoundest effect on the keeper of the stork. They revived and invigorated that moral manhood which Huntsman for years had taken every pains to dissipate. Distracted as he was at the calamity which every moment impended, the new sensation of responsibility and guardianship awakened, as nothing had ever done before, the true self of Alec Huntsman.

Still the stork kept in marvellously good condition. As for being poisoned, it did not appear to be suffering even from dyspepsia. Huntsman had grown pale and more haggard of face; the days had been as those of a gambler, upon whom suspense leaves more physical traces than does that sharper-edged suffering—anxiety. The doctor was openly sceptical as to the whole story.

"I've heard of ostriches swallowing watches and coins and all sorts of things without damaging themselves," said Cuttenthrust; "but for a stork to swallow a phial of cyanide of potassium without detriment is incredible. The bottle must be broken or the stopper have come out by this time. It's all bosh. I'll lay a wager it was only a screw of paper the bird swallowed."

"Sure," Captain Maloney said tentatively, "it's wonderful what these burrds can stomach!"

To Huntsman the whole thing was inexplicable. Was the stork of a constitution so abnormal that it was unaffected by poison at all? Unbelievable! Every movement the bird made, each excess or decline in its eating or its drinking, every clap of its bill, and to its guardian the whole tide of expectation surged in flood again. The bird was, however, changed; it had every

seeming of being profoundly impressed by being the cynosure of so much attention.

That the shores of England were sighted, that they were nearing Southampton, came as tidings of infinite relief. The burden of oppression lightened as the hour of its sharing approached; this, too, notwithstanding that the continued and persistent refusal of the stork to die, when by all the laws of nature it should have died, had relieved the keenness of his apprehension. From Southampton he cabled to Lieutenant Trethowen. He sent the story in outline, telegraphically brief, throwing away two shillings a word like a gold-mine magnate.

The bird was not disembarked at Southampton. Huntsman decided to take it to London by sea in the comfortable quarters to which it was ac-

Chambers's Journal.

customed aboard. The stork began to mope; it did not eat as much, grew less alert of eye and motion. To Huntsman anxiety became reassertive company. He felt dubious, indeed, whether he should ascribe the change to the climate or—the poison.

But in London something—something that put a seal for ever to the dull monotony of past care—happened. There came a blaze of enlightenment against which the shadow of their fear stood in astounding clearness of outline. A reply cablegram awaited him:

"Huntsman, care Zoological Society, London.—Don't be alarmed. In Khar-toum saw you carried poison. Fearing mischief, I emptied bottle and substituted water. Glad stork safe so far.

"Trethowen."

Edward Vivian.

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF FAITH.

A BASIS FOR RELIGIOUS TEACHING.

It appears to be possible to be so keenly interested in distinctive doctrines, and special phases of belief, as to feel indifference or even contempt for the broad common sub-stratum of religion on which all Christians can unite; yet it is this common ground of religion for which the masses of people really care. For this they are eager, however indifferent they may be to the higher technicalities and refinements of Church interpretation and discipline; and it is this common ground of religion that is being now strenuously and somewhat successfully attacked by the militant forces of secularism and so-called agnosticism,—a fact of which good people, anxious about the finer shades of doctrine, hardly seem to be aware; else, in face of the enemy, they would surely show a more united front.

During the last year or two the professional Christianity of England has been polemically occupied with the question whether the mode of establishing popular control over English Elementary Education embodied in the Act of 1902 was a fair and reasonable attempt to solve a difficult problem, rendered specially difficult by historical facts. To me it appeared so, and I am disappointed that it has not been allowed by the nation to continue as a practical working settlement for a moderate period. The only doubtful feature was connected with the selection of teachers; it was foreseen that there would be trouble under that clause if legal rights were unwisely pressed to their logical extremity.

In so far as any dispute that may be going on is a matter only of trust-deeds and legal rights and reasonable

justice, no harm is done by the controversy, though public discussion is rather a futile agent for settling the questions involved; but higher and more interesting and quite other arguments than legal ones are often used, and these it is with which the public and the parents and the educators are chiefly concerned.

It seems quite unlikely that any large number of parents are anxious for their children to have special, as contrasted with general, religious education. In fact the chronic complaint of those who profess themselves anxious for each parent to be amply provided with his particular religious color, is that the great mass of people not only have no color, but have no religion at all, that they are quite careless, and too easily satisfied with anything or nothing.

Of large numbers this is certainly true, and it is to be feared that any residual desire for their children to receive at least a *minimum* of religious instruction is not likely to withstand a very severe test. Hence it may be doubted whether the appeal to the religious autonomy of the parent is quite lucid, or even quite just. For surely children belong to some extent to the State, as well as largely to themselves; the right of parents to bring them up in idleness and dissoluteness is limited, their power of determining the exact shade of religious belief of the next generation is naturally limited, and even their right of specifying what shall be inculcated may be limited, if they avail themselves of the machinery of State education, and, nevertheless, wish to specify extravagances repugnant to the general sense of the community. But as a matter of fact probably only a very small percentage could formulate any wishes on the subject at all.

However that may be, and however easy it is to satisfy the actual as contrasted with the hypothetical demands

of parents for religious instruction, I am convinced that the majority of people in this country are not really dead to the old deep truths of the Universe. They are readily awakened to a contemplation of the serious problems of existence; and if they have grown hopeless of any solution, and careless of religious observances—as undoubtedly most of them have—I fear it must be admitted that the carelessness is due partly to the class-respectability of religious bodies, and partly to the overlofty absorption of some church-officers in rites and observances and modes of expression too remote from everyday life and ordinary human experience.

It is easy to appreciate the efforts of any Church or Brotherhood to insist on the importance of membership and corporate religious life; it is less easy, though it is possible, to understand their insistence on the importance of sacramental and sacerdotal aids to right disposition; but these hothouse flowers of religious culture, the outcome of a highly developed historic sense, are hardly appropriate for school routine; nor can teaching of this kind, though singularly effective with a certain class of mind, be held to replace all other treatment, and render unnecessary the efforts of educators to inform and influence children in much simpler ways and on more fundamental topics.

It is intelligible that pinnacles and decorations should chiefly interest those to whom the main building has long been a tacit and almost unregarded assumption; but I venture to say that even in the common foundation is a vast amount of fact and feeling which they have to some extent overlooked, else they could hardly profess themselves indifferent to it.

The old familiar problems which group themselves round the fundamental ideas of God, Freedom, and Immortality are far more interesting

and weighty than questions concerning sacerdotal authority and apostolic succession which have always been responsible for divergence between Church and Dissent; and it is those root ideas which are being attacked, it is from living apprehension of these that the Nation is in danger of drifting away, unless religious organizations are able to amend some of their methods of procedure.

It is not likely to be true that secularism is the only alternative to the acceptance of any particular Bill that may be before Parliament; for some form of compromise is possible, and it is much to be hoped that agreement can be attained; but there is a danger lest the Nation, in despair at an entanglement from which it can see no release, may take refuge, against its will, in a purely secular system of State education,—whereby everything relating to Biblical literature, religious ideals, and spiritual life is forbidden to the regular teachers, and left to the intermittent and feverish activity of competing sects.

Such a solution could convey no real satisfaction—even to extreme sectarians; for they too realize that the personal influence of the teacher is the really stimulating thing, that the atmosphere in which children are immersed is a determining factor more effectual by far than the verbal memorizing of any form of words. And this is just the fact that makes agreement so difficult. For we are all genuinely eager for the best training to be given, if only we could decide what the best training is: there is not a disputant in the whole controversy, from the most self-confident Atheist to the most dogmatic Priest, who wishes to injure a single child. It is recognition of the vital interests at stake that warms, and sometimes strangely embitters, the controversy; the war is war for an ideal; and in the heat of battle com-

promise may feel like treachery. And yet—hostility is only appropriate in a contest with the bad; a wasting conflict between the good and the better ought not to last forever: surely the bigoted intolerance of the Restoration period must some day cease to transmit its withering influence. A mechanical uniformity, such as was then insisted on, is not worth having, and is impossible; but a concurrence of effort for the amelioration and spiritualization of human life, in the light of a common gospel and a common hope, is not impossible. Hitherto the night of division has continued throughout Christendom, because even yet, for the most part, the "sun is but dimly seen," but there will come a time when—

the mortal morning mists of earth
Fade in the noon of heaven, when
creed and race
Shall bear false witness, each of each,
no more,
But find their limits by that larger
light,
And overstep them, moving easily
Thro' after-ages in the love of Truth,
The truth of Love.

The fact is that there is a growing conception of religion which regards it, not as a thing for special hours or special days, but as a reality permeating the whole of life. The old attempt to partition off a region where Divine action is appropriate from another region in which such action would be out of place, the old superstition that God does one thing and not another, that He speaks more directly through the thunder of catastrophe or the mystery of miracle than through the quiet voice of ordinary existence—all this is beginning to show signs of expiring in the light of a coming day. Those to whom such a change is welcome regard it as of the utmost importance that this recognition of a Deity immanent in History and in all the processes of Nature shall be guided and elevated

rather than curbed and frustrated; but curbed and frustrated it would be by a legal enactment distinguishing secular from sacred, definitely forbidding their admixture, and reserving the sacred for specifically doctrinal or ecclesiastical treatment alone.

So what chiefly impresses me about the whole subject is the mass of fundamental material on which the great majority are really agreed. Is it not possible to familiarize children with that, up to such an age as thirteen, during school hours, and leave distinctive coloring to other influences operating both then and later? Surely it is something to lay a sound foundation such as can stand subsequent scrutiny and rationalistic attack—a foundation which may serve as a basis for more specific edification among those who are capable of sustaining a loftier structure.

The attempt to draw up anything of the nature of a creed unhallowed by centuries of emotion and aspiration is extraordinarily difficult, and to obtain general acceptance for such a production is doubtless impossible. Nevertheless, if a possible alternative is to be the deliberate stunting of an essential part of man's nature and privilege during childhood, such a treatment of the coming generation would be so serious a national misfortune that it becomes the duty of any one who has the higher vitality of his country at heart to do what he can to recall attention to the main issue, without drifting among the contending factions, and without being deterred by the contemptuous accusation that he is attempting to formulate some cold-blooded "greatest common measure" of all religions, and to set it up in their place. Not so; the warmth and vitality imparted by strong religious conviction is a matter of common observation, and is a force of great magnitude; but it is a personal and living thing, it cannot be embodied in a formula or taught in a class. Here

lies the proper field of work of the churches. What can be taught in a school is the fundamental substratum underlying all such developments and personal aspirations; and it can be dealt with as a basis of historical and scientific fact, interpreted and enlarged by the perceptions and experiences of mankind.

A creed or catechism should not be regarded as something superhuman, infallible, and immutable: it should be considered to be what it really is—a careful statement of what, in the best light of the time, can be regarded as true and important about matters partially beyond the range of scientific knowledge.

A religious creed must always reach further into the unknown than science has yet explored. It must be of the nature of speculation, based upon ineradicable instincts in the human mind, and on experience of a kind not easily stated and not fully realizable except by those who have felt it. But it should also be based upon a substratum of knowledge, it should have a scientific and a historical foundation, and it should thence extend into a region of postulate and axiom beyond what can be rigorously deduced: these axioms and postulates, like all others, being based upon primary experience.

The existence of higher beings and of a Highest Being is a fundamental element in every religious creed; and I maintain that it is hopelessly unscientific to imagine it possible that man is the highest intelligent existence—that we dwellers on this planet know more about the universe than any other sentient being. Science has investigated our ancestry and shown that we are the product of planetary processes. We may be, and surely must be, something more, but this we clearly are—a development of life on this planet earth. Science has also revealed to us an innumerable host of other worlds,

and has relegated the earth to its now recognized subordinate place as one of a countless multitude of worlds.

The self-glorifying instinct of the human mind resented this, and for long clung to the Ptolemaic idea that the earth was the centre of the universe, and that the sun and all the stars were subsidiary to it. A Ptolemaic idea clings to some of us still—not now as regards the planet, but as regards man; and we, insignificant creatures, with senses only just open to the portentous meaning of the starry sky, presume to deny the existence of higher powers and higher knowledge than our own. We are accustomed to be careful as to what we assert; we are liable to be unscrupulous as to what we deny. It is possible to find people who, knowing nothing or next to nothing of the Universe, are prepared to limit existence to that of which they have had experience, and to measure the cosmos in terms of their own understanding. Their confidence in themselves, their shut minds and self-satisfied hearts, are things to marvel at. The fact is that no adequate conception of the real magnitude and complexity of the universe can ever have illuminated their cosmic view.

An element of mystery and difficulty is not inappropriate in a creed, although it may be primarily intended for comprehension by children. Bare bald simplicity of statement, concerning things keenly felt but imperfectly known, cannot possibly be accurate; and yet every effort should be made to combine accuracy and simplicity to the utmost. A sentence stored in the memory may evolve different significations at different periods of life, but at no one period need it be completely intelligible and commonplace. The ideal creed should be profound rather than explicit, and yet should convey some sort of meaning even to the simplest and most ignorant. Its terms,

therefore, should not be technical, though for full comprehension they would have to be understood in a technical or even a recondite sense.

With these preliminary remarks I shall attempt to indicate some of the heads of what, were I a teacher, I should endeavor to weld into the lessons in an unobtrusive and perhaps imperceptible fashion. I shall thereby be formulating a set of doctrines not very dissimilar, I suppose, from what might be drawn up by most trained teachers, irrespective of religious denomination, if they were asked to state something like the kind of view which they themselves take of the universe, and therefore naturally and even unconsciously impress upon their pupils.

Each of the following heads could be expanded into a treatise, and for full explication would demand considerable space, but in this Journal it is sufficient briefly to indicate the sort of thing intended: and for extreme brevity it may be permissible to throw it into the form of an imaginary catechism. It shall be a sort of scientific catechism: or rather one based on scientific knowledge, but leading up to a religious creed.

Q. What are you?

A. I am a being alive and conscious upon this earth, my ancestors having ascended by gradual processes from lower forms of animal life and with struggle and suffering become man.

Q. What is the distinctive character of manhood?

A. The distinctive character of man is that he has responsibility for his acts, having acquired the power of choosing between good and evil, with freedom to obey one motive rather than another.

Q. What is meant by good and evil?

A. Good is that which promotes development and is in harmony with the will of God. It is akin to health and beauty and happiness.

Evil is that which retards or frustrates development and injures some part of the universe. It is akin to disease and ugliness and misery.

Q. What is the duty of man?

A. To assist his fellows, to develop his own higher self, to strive towards good in every way open to his powers, and generally to seek to know the laws of nature and to obey the will of God, in whose service alone can be found that harmonious exercise of the faculties which is synonymous with perfect freedom.

Q. How does man know good from evil?

A. His own nature when uncorrupted is sufficiently in tune with the universe to enable him to be well aware in general of what is pleasing and displeasing to the guiding Spirit, of which he himself should be a real and effective portion.

Q. What is sin?

A. Sin is the deliberate and wilful act of a free agent who sees the better and chooses the worse, and thereby acts injuriously to himself and others. The root sin is selfishness, whereby needless trouble and pain are inflicted on others; it is akin to moral suicide.

Q. How comes it that evil exists?

A. Acts and thoughts are evil when they are below the normal standard attained by humanity. The possibility of evil is the neces-

sary consequence of a rise in the scale of moral existence: just as an organism whose normal temperature is far above "absolute zero" is necessarily liable to damaging and deadly cold. But cold is not in itself a positive or created thing.

Q. Are there beings lower in the scale of existence than man?

A. Yes, multitudes. In every part of the earth where life is possible, there we find it developed. Life exists in every variety of animal, in earth and air and sea, and in every species of plant.

Q. Are there any beings higher in the scale of existence than man?

A. Man is the highest of the dwellers on the planet earth, but the earth is only one of many planets warmed by the sun, and the sun is only one of a myriad of similar suns, which are so far off that we barely see them, and group them indiscriminately as "stars." We may be sure that in some of the innumerable worlds circulating round those distant suns, there must be beings far higher in the scale of existence than ourselves; indeed we have no knowledge which enables us to assert the absence of intelligence anywhere.

Q. What caused and what maintains existence?

A. Of our own knowledge we are unable to realize the meaning of origination and maintenance, but we conceive that there must be some Intelligence supreme over the whole process of evolution, else things could not be as organized and as beautiful as they are.

Q. How may we become informed concerning things too high for our own knowledge?

A. We should strive to learn from the great teachers, the prophets and poets and saints of the human race, whose writings are opened up to us by education. Especially should we seek to learn how to interpret and understand that Bible which our Nation holds in such high honor.

Q. What then do you reverently believe can be deduced from a study of the records and traditions of the past in the light of the present?

A. I believe in one Infinite and Eternal Being, a guiding and loving Father, in whom all things consist. I believe that the Divine Nature is specially revealed to man through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lived and taught and suffered in Palestine 1900 years ago, and has since been worshipped by the Christian Church as the immortal Son of God, the Saviour of the world. I believe that man is privileged to understand and assist the Divine purpose on this earth, that prayer is a means of communion between man and God, and that the Holy Spirit is ever ready to help us along the Way towards Goodness and Truth, so that by unselfish service we may gradually enter into the Life Eternal, the Communion of Saints, and the Peace of God.

Q. What do you mean by the Life Eternal?

A. I mean that whereas our terrestrial existence is temporary, our real existence continues without ceasing, in either a higher or a lower form, according

to our use of opportunities and means of grace; and that the fullness of Life ultimately attainable represents a state of perfection at present inconceivable by us.

Q. What is the significance of "the Communion of Saints"?

A. Higher and holier beings must possess, in fuller fruition, those privileges of communion which are already foreshadowed by our own faculties of language, of sympathy, and of mutual aid; and just as we find that our power of friendly help is not altogether limited to our own order of being, so I conceive the existence of a mighty fellowship of love and service.

Q. What do you understand by prayer?

A. I understand that when our spirits are attuned to the Spirit of Righteousness, our hopes and aspirations exert an influence far beyond their conscious range, and in a true sense bring us into communion with our Heavenly Father. This power of filial petition is called prayer; and we may strengthen our faith in its efficacy by pleading the merits of the Lord Jesus.

Q. Rehearse the prayer taught us by Christ.

A. Our Father, etc.

Q. Explain the clauses of this prayer.

A. We first attune our spirit to consciousness of the Divine Fatherhood, trying to realize His infinite holiness as well as His loving-kindness, desiring that everything alien to His will should cease in our hearts and in the world, and longing for the

establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven. Then we ask for the supply of the ordinary needs of existence, and for the forgiveness of our sins and shortcomings just as we pardon those who hurt us. We pray to be

kept from evil influences, and to be protected when they attack us. Finally, we repose in the might, majesty, and dominion of the Eternal Goodness.

Oliver Lodge.

The Hibbert Journal.

THE TIGER THAT WAS NOT.

It is gray dawn on the banks of the Perak River. The little Malay owl has uttered its last *kû-hûp*; in every tree small birds are twittering and fluffing their feathers to warm themselves, and on all sides the jungle-cocks are shrilling a cheery defiance to one another. Sunken under an accumulation of ghost-like mists the wide expanse of river lies pale, drear, and chill. A faint saffron light in the east enables one dimly to discern upon the river bank a number of scattered dwellings, such as constitute a Malay village, and at the water's edge a long line of tethered house-boats, prahus, and dug-outs. One by one the Malays rouse themselves from sleep, and with eyes and brains still heavy with slumber, pull a scanty cotton cloth over shivering, rounded, backs, and make their way to the river where they perform their morning ablutions and repeat the morning prayer of the Mahomedan.

A few minutes later a glory of gold touches the saffron sky, tinges it, suffuses it, absorbs it,—and there is day. The sun springs above the horizon, shows his clear disc above the distant forest-covered mountains, and throws long horizontal shafts of light and warmth that dance upon the sparkling river and set coursing anew the blood of man and beast.

On one of the house-boats, whose Union Jack at the stern shows that she carries the District-Officer, the servants are laying breakfast, and prepa-

rations of a similar nature are going on in the next house-boat, whose flag of royal yellow betokens the presence of a member of the Sultan's family.

It was now nearly two weeks since a tiger had taken up its abode in a patch of *bluker*, or secondary forest, behind the village at which the house-boats are moored. Day and night it had terrified the villagers by roaring to a mate, and the local chief had applied for assistance to the Sultan's son, by whom, conjointly with the District-Officer, the present arrangements for a drive had been made.

A Malay seated himself at a great brass gong hung in the rajah's boat, and began to beat the assembly-call. Before long a distant boat shot out into midstream, and moved in the direction of the sound. Then on all sides the bright surface of the water became dotted with black specks of various size all converging on the one point.

The Malays whose houses were near at hand collected in small groups upon the bank. Round the landing-place prahus and dug-outs clustered thickly. Some held only a poler and a steersman, while others were laden to the water's edge with a crowd of Malays perched in ungainly bird-like attitudes, but in apparent comfort, upon the bare inch or two of the free-board. By the time that the party, of whom the writer was one, was ready to step on shore, some two hundred Malays had mustered on the bank. In this throng of men there

was not one who was not armed. Nearly every man held a spear, many carried a dagger (*kris*) as well, and not a few showed a waist-belt loaded with an assortment of weapons that would not have disgraced the most piratical of marauders. The spears showed that a tiger-drive was contemplated, for across each, some eighteen inches below the point, a little piece of wood was lashed on at right angles to the shaft. This cross-bar is intended to prevent a wounded tiger from clawing its way up the spear-head that transfixes it to the man that holds the spear. Such men as owned, or had been able to borrow, a small dagger of a peculiar shape known as a *golok rembau*, exhibited their weapons with complacency and pride, for these daggers are supposed by the Malays to possess such extraordinary, even magical, properties that a tiger is powerless against them.

When the local chief announced that everything was ready, an old *pawang*, or sorcerer, stepped forward with a bunch of twigs of a tree for which a tiger is thought to have a peculiar dread. Holding this small bundle in both hands, he repeated over it the charm known as "that which closes the tiger's mouth," and then, after another incantation which was intended to prevent the tiger from winding us, proceeded to break the twigs into short fragments, which he distributed first among the shooters and then among the beaters. The ceremony did not take long, but by the time it was over, and the final words of advice, exhortation, and command had been said on every side, the sun was strong enough to make the shade welcome, and without further delay the old chief led his picturesque throng of beaters down one path, while we set off along a track that took us into another part of the forest.

The direction that the drive was to take had been decided upon some days

before, and a line along which the guns were to be stationed had already been cut through the forest. The line was broad enough to afford a fair shot, and had been more or less cleared of undergrowth and obstacles. For the benefit of those who do not know, I may say that such a line is not, or should not be, a straight one; for if the guns are all in the same straight line each man stands an excellent chance of being shot by his neighbors in the excitement of the moment.

The party consisted of nine guns, six Europeans and three Malay rajahs, and for each there had been erected in a tree a small platform made of lopped branches bound together with green rattans and screened with leafy boughs. The object of the platform is partly to keep the shooter safe above any danger from the tiger, but partly also to enable him to obtain the best possible view of the ground and to prevent the tiger from scenting him.

As soon as we had scrambled into our individual platforms, the Malays who had been our guides swarmed up adjacent trees, and, having first made sure that they had not intruded upon a nest of the great vicious red ants, selected comfortable perches from which to await the result of the drive. The beaters formed into line at a place some two or three miles away from the posts taken up by the guns. The forest that they had to beat out was a strip comparatively narrow in proportion to its length, lying between a Government bridle-path on the one side and a deep swamp on the other. It was most unlikely that the tiger would attempt to break out at the sides of the ground, and therefore no stops were posted.

We had not been long in our places when the preconcerted signal of a shot announced that the drive had begun. It would, however, be another two hours at least before the men would

arrive at the line of guns, for beating in dense forest, if thoroughly carried out, is very slow work. Deep silence reigned through the part of the forest in which we were, a silence enhanced by the faint distant sounds of the occasional war-cry of the advancing Malays. A peacock-pheasant, whose persistent scolding clatter, not unlike the note of a cackling barndoor hen, had warned every animal within hearing of our arrival, ceased its clamor at last, and recommenced its scratching among the fallen leaves. Two little birds,—the male, a brilliant black with a golden crown, and his mate, a sober russet brown—resumed the labor of feeding their speckled nestlings. A resplendent ground-thrush, gorgeous as a salmon-fly, which on our approach had hidden under some fallen leaves, regained its confidence, and came hopping out to continue its search for food. The life of every animal seemed to be a silent one. In the distance, it is true, a great rhinoceros-hornbill called from a tree-top to a mate afar off, and high over head, hidden in the blinding blue sky, a kite uttered at intervals its shrill querulous whistle. But these were the exceptions; at all hours and at all seasons the silence of the animals is one with the silence of the forest.

During the whole of the drive no animal larger than a mouse-deer appeared within sight of my platform; and, when finally the line of beaters reached the guns, we found that the drive was a blank. Some sambhur and barking deers had been seen by the other guns, but, since a tiger was our object, no one had fired at them.

The Malays were not only disappointed but much surprised at the failure of the drive. Day after day, and night after night, the tiger had been heard roaring in the area through which they had just beaten, and they could not understand why not a sign of it had been seen. They were posi-

tive that, since it was not in the ground which they had just covered, it must be lying up in a smaller strip of forest between the bridle-path and the Perak River.

After some short deliberation and argument, they went off without further delay to drive, and we stationed ourselves at intervals through the forest. There was no time to clear any lines, nor to erect platforms in the trees. We took up positions on foot, arranging ourselves in such order as we could, and each man knew, though he could not see, the situation of his neighbors on either side. At the place where the beaters formed into line, the bridle-path was about a mile from the river, while at the point where the guns were stationed, about a mile further up stream, river and path were within three hundred yards of one another. The ground to be beaten was thus a triangle; the beaters were at its base, and the guns at the apex. Behind the line of guns, river and path diverged again, and between them lay a vast expanse of dense, heavily timbered forest for which it was thought that the tiger would make. We had not been long in our places before the beaters began to advance towards us. I studied the lie of the forest in my vicinity and the approaches by which an animal would be likely to come in my direction, and then fell to watching: an interminable string of little black ants at my feet. They were migrating, but I could not see whence they came or whither they were going. The line that they followed was extraordinarily devious; up one side and down the other of a tree-stump, round three sides of a great boulder, over and along the roots, under a fallen log, the black line twisted and turned. There seemed to be no attempt to shorten or to improve upon the winding path selected by the leaders of the column. The little creatures moved in a line

some six or seven deep, and for some reason, which it was difficult to discern, a constant succession of ants kept hurrying back through the ranks to communicate with the rear.

Suddenly there was a cry afar off: "Look out! The tiger is here!" How every feeling intensified at the sound! Not a soul was within sight, but one knew that the men who were hidden to right and to left had heard the words and had thrilled to them no less than oneself. The beaters were yet more than half a mile away, but it was not difficult to imagine the excitement that possessed them. Somewhere in the area encompassed by them and by the guns there was moving silently through the dense forest undergrowth the lithe powerful form of a tiger. We all knew it; it even seemed strange that the long string of ants should fail to know it and should continue their unheeding ceaseless hurrying. Somewhere near us the tiger was, or should be.

At the shout the men steadied themselves, moving to one side or the other in order to make the line of advance as perfect as possible. There was silence for a moment, and then a great voice shouted, "*Selauc*at (prayer)." "*Selauc*at," shouted every one, and thereupon, somewhere in the long line, one of the men chanted aloud some verses of the Koran, concluding by shouting at the top of his voice the words of the creed of Islam: "*La' ila'hu illa 'llahu; wa Muhammedu 'r-rasulu 'llahi*. (There is no god but Allah, and Mahommed is the prophet of Allah);" and from every voice in the long array that was hidden up and down the forest came the roar of the response of the final *Allah*. If a tiger is suddenly disturbed when lying up beside an animal that it has killed, or has cubs, or is wounded, or is for any other reason savage, it often gives utterance to an answering challenge which it not infrequently follows up by charging forthwith upon the men. I

have more than once heard a sudden vibrating roar in reply to a cry of *selauc*at, that has made the blood of the listeners run warm; and not a few Malays have been struck down with the expression of their faith upon their lips. Apart from its religious aspect, the use of the *selauc*at is to enable the men to know whereabouts in the denseness and tangle of the forest undergrowth the animal is hidden.

On this occasion there was no reply to the long-drawn *Allah*, and after a pause, during which each man assured himself of his position with regard to his neighbors, the array of beaters slowly and carefully moved forward. At intervals the piercing war-cry of the Malays rose and rang up and down the line. Occasionally an order was shouted to close in on the right or to move up faster on the left, but otherwise the advance was made in greater silence than might have been expected. The men worked out the thickets with their spear-heads, and rapped their spear-butts upon the tree-trunks with a steadiness and thoroughness that would have been creditable in any pheasant-covert in England. They were, I may say, an exceptionally fine set of men. The Malays of Saiong are famous throughout Perak for their skill and daring in a tiger-drive; and on this occasion they were under the eye both of their Sultan's son and of the District-Officer.

Before long the cry arose again, "Here he is! Here he is!" Upon this the old chief in charge of the drive shouted an order. "*Tahan, tahan!* (Steady, hold steady!)." Down on a knee dropped every man of the two hundred that composed the line. Close to his side each man gripped his spear, with its point thrust upwards into the dark forest undergrowth in front of him. It was impossible to see the plainest object at a distance of more than twenty yards, and a tiger might

crouch unseen within three yards of the most vigilant. Little doubt that each man eyed the cross-bar on his spear, and thought how very small and very near him it looked: it gave a pleasurable titillation of excitement amid the tumult of the numbers of the village; but its significance now became very real and very grim.

The chief shouted his order to the men to stand steady because he thought that, as the tiger had not by this time passed the guns, it must be aware of their position and intend to seek safety by breaking back through the line of beaters. Every one knew what the chief thought, and waited, peering into the dark forest in front of him, in readiness for the next word of command. Then the chief shouted again. All leapt to their feet, ran forward a few yards, five or six perhaps or it may be even less, and then as suddenly stopped and knelt again. "Steady! Hold steady!" they shouted up and down the line, while all strained their eyes to catch a gleam of yellow in the heavy shadows of the black and green of the forest. Thus they advanced in short quick rushes with sudden pauses until they were within two hundred yards of us. The excitement by this time was almost overpowering in its intensity. I could not of course see the men, but knew by the sound that only this distance separated us, and that on the other side of the thickets and tree-trunks in front of me, fierce Malay eyes glared and peered for the hidden tiger. Then suddenly in a tree, half-way between the beaters and the guns, a squirrel raised its chattering note of alarm. Another squirrel immediately took up the cry, and the pair of them kept up such an incessant clamor that it was plain that they were scolding an intruder; it was obvious also that the intruder was within a few yards of them. The tree from which they uttered their defiance

was situated in a ravine-like depression in the forest, exactly the sort of place in which a tiger, or any animal, would seek a refuge from the invasion of the beaters. The chief shouted to the men to move in upon the place, and the long line swept inwards and enclosed it in a semicircle. By this time the length of the line had so contracted that the men were nearly shoulder to shoulder. Only a hundred yards or so separated them from the guns, and it was therefore practically impossible for any animal between them and us to escape. The Malays now advanced foot by foot, and in an almost breathless silence. Then I saw something move stealthily under a fallen tree, whose dead leaves prevented me from getting more than a glimpse of it, and that, too, a glimpse not so much of it as of the place from which it had stirred. It saw me as soon as I saw it, and, knowing itself to have been discovered, a great, gaunt wild sow rushed out and dashed past me. The nearer of the beaters heard it and dropped on their knees with their spears thrust forward to receive it. "Here he is! Here he is! Steady! Hold steady!"

For a space not a man moved; probably not a man breathed. Then I shouted that the animal that had come out was only a pig, and that the tiger had not yet shown itself. "Pig," they roared up and down the line, "only a pig"; and again the line moved forward to beat out the few remaining yards that separated them from the guns. But when they reached us not a sign was there anywhere of the tiger.

Excited questions were yelled on every side. No one knew what had happened. What every one failed to understand was why no one had fired. The men thronged round the place where the old sow had passed by me, and leant upon their spears examining the tracks and mournfully shaking their heads. Their heaving chests, twitch-

ing muscles, and unnaturally contracted eyelids told of the intense nervous strain which they had undergone.

Had any one seen or heard the tiger, and who had first raised the alarm? In reply to this, several men spoke to having heard the tiger, but no one had actually seen it. Every man of them indignantly repudiated the suggestion that he could have mistaken a pig's grunt for a tiger's growl. Malays know the two sounds so well that such a mistake would be most unlikely. Several pigs had been seen, but no one had taken any notice of them. When we asked the men who declared that they had heard the tiger how they accounted for its having escaped unseen, they pointed out that when the squirrels had given their alarm we had all taken it for granted that they had seen the tiger (whereas it was probably only the sow), and that when the beaters closed in upon the ravine they had left the forest on either side unguarded. This of course was perfectly true, and their explanation of our failure was probably the correct one.

Some of the more enthusiastic of the Malays proposed that the ground should at once be beaten over again, but midday was past and it did not need a second glance at the majority of the men to see that the excitement, rather than their exertions, had so exhausted them that they were not fit to undertake another drive. Moreover, even if the tiger had really been in the ground covered by the first drive, it by no means followed that it would be there by the time that the beaters were ready to line up again. We decided therefore that we must give it up. We covered our disappointment as best we could, but our long high-strung excitement had had such a miserable ending that one might have noticed an almost hysterical catch in the laugh of more than one man.

This was the most sporting tiger-

drive that I have ever seen. The fact that no tiger was seen and that possibly no tiger was near us does not in any way detract from the sport. We all believed that the tiger was there: the guns thought that a tiger which was aware of their presence was being forced to come towards them; and the beaters felt that they were impelling forward an animal whose desire was to charge back through their ranks. If the drive had ended by a tiger being shot, it would not in the slightest degree have added to the excitement that marked the duration of the drive. I have shot a tiger in a drive that had not a tenth of the interest of this day. Accompanied only by Malays I have occasionally had to follow wounded tigers on foot through nasty country: as I have said above, I have heard the *selauc* answered in royal style; but nowhere else have I seen such an intensity of feeling and excitement. With this the number of men employed had a great deal to do. It is seldom that one requires more than thirty or forty beaters, whereas in this case fully two hundred men were engaged. The amount of magnetic feeling, where the excitement was communicated from unseen unit to unseen unit throughout the forest, was enormous, and the air vibrated to the unuttered excitement of the men.

It is in a drive where a line of men armed only with spears advances thus determinedly upon a tiger, that you realize how powerful a brute it is that they are assailing. From the safety and height of a tree or an elephant's back, you may shoot tigers with safety; but when you come down to the ground, and either advance on foot to meet the tiger or wait on foot for it to be driven up, the feeling comes home to you of the marvellous strength and activity that are combined in that beautiful frame. It may be within a few yards of you, perhaps, seeing all that

you do, and itself unseen. It can steal noiselessly through the forest where you can only move with crackling of leaves and breaking of twigs. You know that, when the occasion comes, that wonderful lithe body can come with lightning speed through the thick tangled growth that hampers and impedes your every movement. Finally you know that at close quarters a man is as helpless as a child against the overpowering weight and strength of an animal that kills an ox at a blow.

There is little doubt that almost every one has a peculiar sensation of the almost god-like beauty, power, activity, and strength of a tiger. A tiger will overawe and make conscious of his inferiority a man who would be unaffected by the bulk of an elephant. The feeling is, however, elusive of description, and I can perhaps best explain it in the words of a most charming French gentleman (now dead, alas!) who was once manager of a great tin-mining company in Perak. I well remember his coming into the Tapah messroom where the Europeans of the district used in those days to take their meals. We had just finished lunch when he entered in a state of tremendous excitement. Walking alone and unarmed along an unfrequented bridle-path through the forest he had

Macmillan's Magazine.

walked almost on to a tiger. He gave us a most vivid narrative of the encounter; how the tiger had been lying down concealed in some long *alang* grass beside the path, how he was within ten yards of it before he saw it, how then it rose and looked at him, how it yawned at him, how it then walked slowly across the path in front of him, and then stopped and looked at him, again yawning; and how it then deliberately walked away into the forest whose depths finally hid it from view. I cannot attempt to imitate the beautiful and forcible diction that Monsieur C. had at his command, for the plain facts that I have thrown into a single sentence received from the narrator a majesty of style and a wealth of coloring and detail that cannot be reproduced on paper.

Some one asked him whether it was a big tiger. It is his answer that illustrates my meaning.

"Well, Messieurs, I cannot say if he is a big tiger. My eyes see that he is big; but I cannot say how big I see him to be; and if I say how big, it is perhaps that I tell you a lie. But I can tell you, Messieurs, how big I *feel* him to be, and I can tell you the truth. When he is standing there in front of me, I tell you that I feel he is not less than thir-r-ty feet high."

George Maxwell.

IBSEN'S CRAFTSMANSHIP.

In a former article in this Review¹ I examined the repertory of the Bergen Theatre during the six years of Henrik Ibsen's connection with it, and showed that, in the exercise of his functions, he must have closely studied some seventy-five French plays, most of them belonging to the then dominant school of Eugène Scribe. I suggested, very

¹ Ibsen's Apprenticeship. January 1904.

briefly, that the influence of these studies was apparent in all his plays (except the three dramas in verse), from *Lady Inger* right down to *A Doll's House*. In that play, as it seemed to me, he finally outgrew and cast off the domination of the French school; but he would never have been the master-technician he ultimately became had he not first learnt, and then deliberately

unlearned, the former dexterities of Scribe and his disciples. I now propose to illustrate a little more fully this reading of the history of his technical development.

It is no longer necessary to insist on the fact that Ibsen was a consummate craftsman. In the days when the great Ibsen controversy raged throughout Europe, the hostile critics declared his work to be childishly simple, regarding it, apparently, as a sort of eccentric improvisation. No one now doubts that its seeming simplicity is only the mask of a complexity beyond all precedent. Ibsen's dialogue is a marvellously-adjusted mosaic, in which every tiniest tessera has its definite and carefully-studied function. But this art of adjustment is not so much an invention as a development. We can trace its growth through play on play. And it distinctly grew out of that delicacy in the adjustment of external incidents which Ibsen acquired in the school of Scribe.

Perhaps it may not be altogether misleading if we put the matter thus: Scribe's contribution to theatrical technique was the art of constant movement.² Every scene and almost every speech of his plays shook the kaleidoscope and brought about a more or less marked and interesting change in the fortunes or relations of his characters. He led the spectator through a continuous series of small "peripeties," and thus kept his attention, his interest in the process of events, constantly on the alert. He never allowed three minutes to elapse without some marked alteration, more or less surprising, or exciting, or moving, or entertaining, in

the posture of affairs. This art of external movement Ibsen acquired and practised in his earlier plays. In *The League of Youth* he exercises it very much as Scribe himself would have done. But, as play follows play, he gradually applies it more and more deliberately to different ends, until at last, instead of external movement, it is psychological movement on which he is intent. With him, too, the pattern, the posture of affairs, is never stationary; but the changes take place in the souls of the actors, and are often scarcely discernible in their external fortunes and relations until the final catastrophe is reached. Movement, in fine, is the secret of Ibsen's theatre, as it is of Scribe's; but the movement is spiritual instead of material.

Of the plays of his Bergen period I have spoken in the article referred to above. Let me only say here that the most remarkable of them, *Lady Inger*, though it contains all the germs of his future greatness, is so clearly prentice-work that it might almost be taken for a caricature both of German romanticism, with its grave-vaults and coffins, and of French intrigue, with its mistakes of identity brought about through the careful abstinence of all concerned from reasonable clearness of expression.

In *The Vikings at Helgeland* (1858)—the first play he wrote after leaving Bergen—Ibsen had made an extraordinary technical advance. He aimed at, and he achieved, something of the stern simplicity of the sagas from which he took his material. The tragedy grows, indeed, out of an incredible mistake of identity—a mistake

² I do not here inquire into the question of Scribe's originality, or his relation to his immediate predecessors, from Beaumarchais onward. Probably he was not a great innovator, even in technique, but is rather to be regarded as the representative figure in a general movement which would have taken no very different course even if he had never existed. The human mind will never rest con-

tent until it has exhausted the possibilities of any given instrument; and the Scribe style of play was one of the possibilities, and at first sight one of the most fascinating, of the highly complex instrument that we call the modern theatre. It was an inevitable phase of development, the philosophy of which has yet to be thoroughly studied.

which, in the earliest, mythical form of the legend, is brought about by supernatural means. Ibsen, eschewing supernatural agency, places the thing on the plane of romance. Sigurd's personation of Gunnar in the killing of the bear and carrying-off of Hjordis is an incident to be conventionally accepted, just as we conventionally accept the disguises and substitutions of one person for another which abound in Elizabethan drama. But in *The Vikings* this mythical or ultra-romantic motive is placed outside the frame of the play. It has occurred years before the action opens, and thus taxes our credulity far less than if it were "subjected to our faithful eyes." It is one of those initial postulates which, according to Sarcey's famous maxim (a corollary to the Horatian principle), we are always ready to accept without cavil. Apart from this postulate, the action of *The Vikings* is entirely logical, and is carried forward without trickery of any sort. The supremely pathetic situation of the second act arises, no doubt, from a misunderstanding of Ornulf's purpose in setting forth in pursuit of Kaare; but the misunderstanding is natural and even inevitable; it was not in Ornulf's character to be explicit as to his intentions. The soliloquy, too, is almost suppressed, for Hjordis's mutterings in the third act are little more than the ejaculations which in fact are often wrung from us by strong emotion. There are, indeed, two extremely inartistic "asides" in the final scene—Dagny's "So bitterly did she hate him!" and Gunnar's "Then after all she loved me!" But these are worse than merely technical flaws; they are symptoms of the romantic-sentimental psychology which is still dominant in the play. Taking it as a whole, one may almost say that the technique of *The Vikings* is in advance of its substance. The French principle of change, of movement, is realized with little or no resort to French artifice. It

seems as though Ibsen had already assimilated what is good, and rejected what is bad, in the technique of Scribe.

But this is a fallacious appearance. Ibsen eschews artifice, not because he theoretically rejects it, but because he feels it to be out of keeping with the heroic simplicity of the characters and manners he is delineating. When we pass to *The Pretenders*, in itself an immeasurably greater work, we find him falling back without a qualm upon all the methods of French intrigue-spinning.

To realize what Scribe and his school had done towards the subtilizing of the dramatic mechanism, we need only compare *The Pretenders*, with one of Shakespeare's, or even of Schiller's or Oehlenschläger's, historical plays. Here is a theme of which all the elements are present in Shakespeare's histories—rival pretenders to the throne, turbulent nobles of either faction, a crafty churchman undermining the temporal power in the interest of his order. How, then, would Shakespeare have treated it? He would have been content to take from Snorri Sturlason, as he did from Hollnshed, a few episodes suitable for rhetorical expansion, and to string them loosely together, perhaps with a comic underplot still more loosely attached to them. However dramatic in its individual scenes, his play would have been essentially epical in its general form. Now a certain amount of the epical element is doubtless discernible in Ibsen's play. It has not the absolute unity and concentration of, say, the *Edipus Rex*, or of *Rosmersholm*, or even of *The Vikings*. But its complex interweaving of motive and event is totally foreign to the technique of historical drama as it was understood before the days of Scribe and Dumas. Everywhere we have a sense of nice measurement and forethought, the winding up of springs, the fitting of wheel into wheel, the careful

adjustment of balance and counterpoise. It is, in brief, a very elaborate mechanism with which we have to deal, involving, on the designer's part, a totally different order of effort from that which went to the making of an Elizabethan chronicle-play, or any modern play on the same model, such as Tennyson's *Becket* or *Queen Mary*. I am not asserting superiority on either side. I am only registering a difference, and a difference which would not have existed, at any rate in the same degree, had not Ibsen studied in the school of the French mechanicians.

It is especially in this play, indeed, that Ibsen proves himself a master of intrigue, by drawing a master of intriguers. Bishop Nicholas is a cunning dramaturge, a sort of ecclesiastical Scribe, who pulls the strings of the action to further his own sinister purposes. Partly out of pure malevolence, and partly in the interests of the Church, he is determined that no king shall sit secure on the throne of Norway, and to that end he plays, by a hundred artifices, upon the characters of the rival pretenders, King Haakon and Duke Skulë. His death scene, in which he devotes the last energies of his being to the construction of what he calls a *perpetuum mobile* to keep the King and the Duke irreconcilably at strife, is an extraordinary instance of the intimate blending of intrigue with character-study. It is a marvel no less of psychological than of constructive subtlety; and the soliloquy in which the Bishop first conceives the idea of his *perpetuum mobile* is notable as a perfect definition of the very art which the poet himself was exercising throughout the play.

It may be said that we have a counterpart to the fusion of the play of character with the play of intrigue, not in Shakespeare's *Histories*, but in *Othello*. This is true, in a sense; but beside Bishop Nicholas, Iago is a ver-

table bungler in villainy. We forget the clumsiness of his wiles in the masterly dialogue of that incomparable third act; but every unprejudiced critic has recognized that his happy-go-lucky machinations do not in the least deserve to succeed, and are, in fact, predestined to the discovery which overtakes them. Bishop Nicholas's subtleties are ten times subtler, and he dies triumphing in the completion of his *perpetuum mobile*. His character, as a whole, is much more complex and more profoundly studied than Iago's, but that is nothing to my present purpose. What I wish to point out is that the mere intrigue of *The Pretenders* is handled with a dexterity to which, even in *Othello*, his masterpiece in this kind, Shakespeare makes no pretension. Bishop Nicholas outmanœuvres Iago, because he has learnt his tactics in the school of Scribe.

It is to be noted that Ibsen found in history only the barest hints for the Bishop's character. The whole invention and elaboration is his own. He elaborated it in that form, because he found in himself the requisite virtuosity for the piecing together of a complex mechanism; and at the same time he made this virtuosity subserve, in Haakon and Skulë no less than in the Bishop himself, a power of character-projection and analysis far beyond the range of his French models. The worser side—the artificiality—of the French technique is felt chiefly in the miraculous exactitude with which incidents, probable enough in themselves, are made to occur at the very moment when dramatic effect requires them. Just when Haakon feels the need of Vegard Væradal's support, the news of Vegard's death is brought to him. Just when Bishop Nicholas is chuckling over the non-appearance of the document which proves or disproves Haakon's legitimacy, the document arrives. Just as Haakon is wonder-

ing what has brought the wrath of heaven upon him, his mother appears to remind him of his harshness to her. Just as Skulë is yearning for the love and trust of a son and successor, the son, of whose existence he had not dreamed, comes knocking at his door. This method of, so to speak, giving the cue for each turn of fortune, is an artificiality which it took Ibsen long to outgrow.

In *The Pretenders* the soliloquy is freely employed. If it occurred merely in the Bishop's death-scene it might be defended as a touch of realism, for the old man's feverish exaltation would very probably find vent in spoken words. But both Skulë and Haakon soliloquize at points where no such defence can be urged. These are the last instances in Ibsen's prose plays of the purely conventional soliloquy. Oddly enough, he does not employ it in *Emperor and Galilean*, in which his technique is, for the rest, sufficiently melodramatic. He deals largely in spectacular surprises and contrasts, and even presents us with the well-worn operatic effect of two choruses chanting alternately a pagan pæan and a Christian dirge. But the architecture of this giant drama would demand a study all to itself. I must hasten on to an examination of the plays of modern life, which began in 1869 with *The League of Youth*.

If Francisque Sarcey could have seen *The League of Youth* before he was prejudiced against Ibsen by his later works, he would certainly have found it a piece after his own heart—a little languid perhaps in the first and third acts, but in the second, fourth, and fifth a model of the "well-made play." Every detail confirms this classification. Half the action hinges upon misunderstandings and mistakes of identity, or, in the jargon of French criticism, on "quiproquos." The misconception on which the splendid com-

edy of the second act is based, and several of the minor misunderstandings, are brought about by that vagueness of expression, that sedulous care not to mention names, which is one of the stock devices of French comedy. A forged document is made to pass through almost as many adventures as the "scrap of paper" in *Les Pates de Mouche*. Stensgaard and Bastian Monsen, both wishing to propose to Madam Rundholmen, both do so in writing (for no particular reason), and each (for no particular reason) gives his letter to Aslaksen to deliver. Then, when Stensgaard changes his mind, and determines to deliver his letter himself, Aslaksen mixes the two up and hands him Bastian's letter instead of his own. All this is so deftly managed that, in the rush of the action, we are scarcely conscious of its artificiality; but a moment's reflection shows us that it comes, not from life, but from mid-century French comedy. Who is not familiar with the scene in which Stensgaard, making a proposal to Madam Rundholmen on behalf of Bastian Monsen, does it in such ambiguous terms that she thinks he is wooing her on his own account? There is no more favorite device in the whole repertory of farce-effects. It was not in its first youth when Dickens employed it in *Pickwick*. Every detail in the structure of the play tells the same tale—Ibsen is simply using in masterly fashion the tools provided for him, as for Europe at large, by the French playwrights of the school of Scribe.

It is evident, too, that he still conceives comedy as a sort of game which neither author nor audience must be expected to take too seriously. This appears particularly in the way in which the end is patched up. As soon as Stensgaard has run the gauntlet of rejection by all three ladies to whom he had made his mercenary advances—as soon as he has been dismissed with

contumely, in a scene which resembles a symmetrical dance-figure rather than any conceivable episode in real life—the rest of the characters beam with smiles, and proceed to fall into one another's arms. The Chamberlain forgives his son, who has forged his name, and, reversing the whole policy of his life, goes into partnership with him. His rebellious daughter-in-law, Selma, is reconciled to her husband; Daniel Heire abandons his law-suits; even Aslaksen is invited to sit at the Chamberlain's table; and the moral of the comedy is formulated in what may almost be called a set "tag." The whole thing has been a storm in a teacup. It has blown over; every one (except Stensgaard) is the wiser and the better for it; and they are all going to live happily for ever afterwards. We are even provided with the statutory "love interest," though it takes a subordinate place. Dr. Fieldbo, the entirely reasonable and sympathetic personage (the first and last in Ibsen's modern plays), after wandering through the action in sententious superiority, is rewarded with the hand of Thora Bratsberg. All this complacent conventionality acts as a sort of oil to the cogs and cranks of the mechanism, and comes from the same emporium.

If I were asked to name the perfect model of the well-built play of the French school, I should not go either to Augier or Sardou for an example, but to Ibsen's *Pillars of Society*. In symmetrical solidity of construction, complexity combined with clearness of mechanism, it seems to me incomparable. Yet at the same time I should call it by far the least interesting of all the works of his maturity.

In one respect it shows him very distinctly feeling forward towards his later method. In *The League of Youth* the whole of the action passed, so to speak, within the frame of the picture. Nothing depended on the bygone his-

tory of the characters. What little we learn of Stensgaard's, Heire's, Selma's antecedents comes in quite incidentally, and is not in the least necessary to our comprehension of the story. In *Pillars of Society*, on the other hand, what is presented on the stage is only the second half of a drama, the first half of which was enacted fifteen years before the rise of the curtain. The action, in fact, consists almost entirely in the gradual revelation of the truth concerning a series of bygone events. More and more, as time goes on, does this become Ibsen's formula. His characters are occupied in raising curtain after curtain from the past, in probing deeper and deeper towards some hidden truth; and as soon as this is reached and realized, they are on the brink of the catastrophe. It has been said, not without justice, that Ibsen's later plays, are all retrospect and catastrophe; and it has, with equal justice, been pointed out that, in so far, his method is identical with that of Sophocles in the *Edipus Tyrannus*.

In *Pillars of Society*, as I have said, he is only feeling his way towards the "retrospect and catastrophe" formula. A good deal of action within the frame of the picture, or, in other words, of intrigue, is created by the fact that the principal character, Karsten Bernick, energetically, and even by criminal devices, struggles against the elucidation of the past, thereby approaching in some measure to the villain of ordinary melodrama. When the formula is more fully developed (as in the typical instance of *Rosmersholm*) the process of elucidation, once begun, proceeds by such inevitable degrees that no one dreams of struggling against it. Veil after veil is torn from the face of truth as though by some invisible, ineluctable destiny. There is a sense of fatality in the air which accentuates the kinship between Ibsen and the tragic poets of antiquity.

All the complex threads of the action in *Pillars of Society* are interwoven with astonishing clearness. In the nice adjustment of motive and incident, the play may hold its own with such masterpieces of intrigue as Scribe's *Adrienne Lecouvreur* and Sardou's *Fédora*. In its structure it belongs entirely to this school; it is in matters unconnected with structure—for instance, in the masterly scene of casuistry between Bernick and Rørlund in the fourth act—that Ibsen's true originality manifests itself. In some respects, moreover, he is still under the influence, not only of Scribe, but of the French Romanticists. He is still intent on what may be called the external irony of picturesque antithesis. For instance, it is while the streets are illuminated in his honor, and while a torchlight procession of his fellow-citizens is approaching to do him homage, that Karsten Bernick learns of the flight of his son in the coffin-ship which he himself is sending to sea. This is the sort of effect which Victor Hugo loved and would have applauded. Its somewhat cheap emphasis is very foreign to Ibsen's later manner.

It need scarcely be pointed out, too, that in *Pillars of Society* Ibsen has not outgrown the convention of the happy ending. In *The League of Youth*, essentially a light comedy, the perfunctoriness of the close does not trouble us. But when, in *Pillars of Society*, Olaf is brought safe home, and Bernick, converted in the crisis of emotion, makes a clean breast of his misdeeds and proclaims himself a reformed character, we feel that Ibsen is not yet taking his art quite seriously. He still holds with Scribe that the business of the dramatist is not to obey psychological necessity, but to invent plausible means of evading it, in the interests of popular optimism.

It is in *A Doll's House* that he finally breaks with French tradition, and

breaks with it, one may say, almost at a definite line on which one can lay one's finger. The first two acts, and the first half of the third act, are thoroughly French in method. First we have the confidante, Mrs. Linden. She has a certain character of her own, for Ibsen could not, if he would, draw a mere lay figure. But she and her character do not belong to the spiritual essence of the play. Her function is mechanical. She has to listen to Nora's confidences, in order that we may overhear them; and she has to influence the upshot of the action by softening the heart of Krogstad. She is external, if I may so phrase it, to the psychological chemistry of the action. She serves, now as a rod to stir the mixture, now as a ladle to skim it; but she has no part in the chemical process itself. In Ibsen's later plays, you will scarcely find another character of the slightest prominence to whom this description applies.

The long scene between Nora and Mrs. Linden constitutes a formal exposition of that part of the action—a good half—which lies outside the frame of the picture. It ends with Nora's cry, "Oh, what a wonderful thing it is to live and to be happy!"—and instantly there comes a ring at the bell, and Krogstad's shadow falls across Nora's glee. Here we have an instance of the old traditional irony; a case of Nemesis in miniature; an exclamation of happiness giving the cue for the entrance of disaster. Again, a little further on, we have the same antithesis in a heightened form. Nora, romping with her children, is so absorbed in the game, that when Krogstad comes to strike the fatal blow at her happiness, he actually stands amongst them before she is aware of his presence. An admirable stage-effect this is, no doubt, and introduced most skilfully and naturally. But in the light of Ibsen's later method, one sees that it is of the stage,

stagey. Such so-called "dramatic" conjunctures do, no doubt, occur in life; but as the dramatist sees deeper into the inexhaustible wealth of essential drama in the human soul, he is less and less tempted to concern himself with surface accidents such as this.

Krogstad reveals to Nora the true import of her action in signing her father's name, and leaves her a prey to terror which she strives in vain to shake off. And here mark the ingenuity with which Krogstad's own delinquency is made to throw a lurid light upon Nora's. In a scene which forms a sort of counterpart to that between Bernick and Rörund before alluded to, Nora tries to find comfort in getting Helmer to say that Krogstad's offence was not unpardonable; but he, little dreaming what is at stake, merely hammers the nail deeper into her soul. This scene (the last scene of the first act) is manipulated with the utmost skill, but produces an unmistakable effect of artificiality. Note, for instance, Helmer's remark, "Nearly all cases of early corruption may be traced to lying mothers." We cannot but echo Nora's question: "Why—mothers?" We feel that Ibsen here gives the conversation a slight twist, a little kink as it were, which is not absolutely unnatural, indeed, but is too clearly designed to dot the *i* of the situation. Again, Nora's withdrawal of her hand when Helmer says, "It gives me a positive sense of physical discomfort to come in contact with such people," is merely an old stage trick turned outside in. Sardou, too, had he written the scene, would infallibly have made Nora say, "How warm it is here!" That is the established remark for a character who wishes to dissemble great mental perturbation.

The second act, as we all know, culminates in the famous tarantella-scene—a crowning and final instance of that striving after picturesque antithesis

which is as old in drama as Euripides at least, but is specially affected by the French romantic playwrights and their Spanish progenitors. There is no more favorite antithesis than that of revelry and horror—witness the marble guest appearing at Don Juan's orgie, or the Miserere in *Lucrèce Borgia* extinguishing the mirth of the doomed roysterers. The analogy between these scenes and that of Nora's tarantella may not at first be apparent; but a little examination will show that Ibsen simply screws up the effect a peg or two by making the contrast between gaiety and horror no longer lie in the mere inert juxtaposition of the two elements, but in Nora's active assumption of feverish merriment in order to mask her resolve of suicide. Reduce the scene to its bare formula—a woman dancing on the brink of the grave—and you see how ultra-romantic, how Spanish, how Hugoesque it is. But it is not merely in the actual tarantella-scene that Ibsen strives for this effect of antithesis. That scene is only the culmination of an antithesis running through the whole play. He has deliberately selected the season of Christmas festivity to form a radiant background to the horror of Rank's doom and Nora's agony. While Nora is learning from Helmer the true import of her innocent felony, she is mechanically decking a Christmas-tree with candles and tinsel. While Rank is telling her that the clutch of death is at his heart, she is preparing her masquerade dress. In the last act, as the sense of impending disaster deepens, we hear the gay rhythms of the tarantella from the ball-room above. Nora enters with the dread of death in her eyes, and decked out in the parti-colored dress of an Italian contadina. Throughout there runs this strain of insistent antithesis—the familiar mediæval antithesis of the rose-wreathed skeleton, the Dance of Death. There is something theatri-

cal about it, almost operatic, which even the exquisite skill of the manipulation, and the wealth of character and meaning compressed into the conventional framework, cannot quite disguise. It is admirable in its kind, but the kind is not the highest.

The following sentences from an American criticism of *A Doll's House*, written when the play was first produced in New York, are exactly typical of a hundred English criticisms published about the same time. "The piece under consideration," says the critic, "is almost totally devoid of dramatic action. There is only one really dramatic incident, and that occurs when Nora dances a tarantella. All the rest is words. It is seldom that such a cataract of vapid talk has been let loose in a theatre." With unerring instinct, this gentleman lays his finger on the most strained, unnatural, in a word theatrical, effect in the play, and calls it the only dramatic incident. But now mark a curious point. This tarantella scene, with all its theatricality, is hardly ever effective on the stage. I have seen many Noras, first and last, and four of them very remarkable actresses: Fru Hennings, who originally created the character in Copenhagen; the incomparable Eleonora Duse; Madame Réjane; and our own Miss Achurch. But I have never seen any actress attain an effect in the tarantella-scene at all proportionate to the effort. People applaud, of course—they will always applaud a dance—but it is the dance they are thinking of, not the situation. The scene is disappointing, just as so many scenes of great external picturesqueness are disappointing on the stage—the idea dwarfs the reality. It is so obviously, so aggressively, theatrical, that we expect from it a greater thrill than it can ever give us.

Well now, is it not curious—is it not significant—that immediately after this

passage of violent theatricality, not to say staginess—immediately after he has wrung the last drops of effect out of his apparatus of Christmas-tree masquerade, tinsel, and tarantella—Ibsen should suddenly, at a given moment, throw it all aside, never to be taken up again, and end this very play in the strain of pure drama, sober and searching, devoid of all mechanical accessories and antithetic fripperies, to which he ever afterwards adhered? There is a point where Nora, after Helmer has "forgiven" her, goes off the stage into her own adjoining room, and when Helmer asks her what she is going to do, replies, "To take off my masquerade dress." At that point, as it seems to me, it was Ibsen himself who, consciously or unconsciously, threw off all masquerade. He put away from him whatever was external and mechanical in the French technique. He had mastered and done with it. In *Pillars of Society*, and now in the first two acts of *A Doll's House*, he had developed the method of Scribe, on a line parallel to that of Sardou, and had reached a point about even with that at which Sardou has remained stationary. He had—to employ a somewhat grotesque image—danced his tarantella, and was henceforth to apply to soberer and more artistic purposes the skill, the suppleness, in a word the virtuosity he had thus acquired. When Nora, in her every-day clothes, confronts the astonished Helmer and says, "It's not so late yet. Sit down, Torvald; you and I have much to say to each other," it is the true Ibsen, of his latest and greatest period, that for the first time appears on the scene.

When I first saw *A Doll's House* acted, in Christiania, the Nora was a neophyte of no great talent, and the effect of the play, up to the middle of the third act, came far short of my expectations. The tarantella espe-

cially fell very flat; but indeed the action, as a whole, did not at all "grip" me as it had in reading—until the point was reached where Nora and Helmer sat down, one on each side of the table, with the lamp between them, to make up the accounts of their matrimonial bankruptcy. Then the drama seized and held me as in a vice, and every phrase of Nora's threnody over her dead dreams, her lost illusions, thrilled me with an emotion such as I had never before experienced in the theatre. 'I was then a quarter of a century younger than I am now, and was not in the least blassed by any technical theories. I was perfectly content with the Scribe-Sardou formula, and went to the theatre predisposed to condemn this final scene, inasmuch as it set that formula at defiance. It was no theoretical, pumped-up rapture that seized me—indeed, it took me utterly by surprise. Nor do I now mean to say that the scene is unassailably excellent. I think it is an extreme example of psychological compression. Nora has attained, in a crisis of twenty minutes, an intellectual clearness with regard to her position, which, as a matter of fact, she would scarcely have acquired in months of reflection. But though the scene is open to criticism in many respects, I take it to be the first clear example of that power in which lies the peculiar greatness of Ibsen's later plays—the power of impregnating thought with emotion, and making psychological analysis palpitate with dramatic interest. Other dramatists give us patches of analysis, interludes of thought, scattered throughout an action which exists independently of them, and which, from the strictly technical point of view, they merely cumber and delay. In Ibsen, at his best, the psychology and the action are inextricably inter-fused; the psychology *is* the action; and he has the art of unfolding the

soul-history of his personages with such cunning gradations, such vivid surprises, such lightning-like flashes of clairvoyance, that his analysis has all the thrill of adventure, all the fascination of romance.

When we contrast the stern, severe simplicity of *Ghosts* with the shimmering artificiality of *A Doll's House* (up to the final scene) we cannot but feel that between the two plays a revolution occurred. My own conjecture is that the revolution actually occurred during the composition of *A Doll's House*. I cannot help thinking that Ibsen originally designed the play to have a "happy ending," like that of *The League of Youth* or *Pillars of Society*, and that Mrs. Linden's influence over Krogstad was invented and adapted to that end. Then, I take it, as his work advanced, the poet himself began to realize the higher possibilities of his art, renounced the trickery of the "happy ending," and, in the final scene, made the first essay of the new powers which he felt to have developed within him. *Ghosts*, the first play written entirely under the new method, showed him not yet quite at his ease with it. Majestic, impressive though it be, it is a little too simple, a little heavy in its handling. Then the poet relaxed the tension in an admirable comedy, *An Enemy of the People*. If we compare it with its predecessor in a similar key, *The League of Youth*, we cannot but recognize an enormous artistic advance. Then comes that terrible tragi-comedy, *The Wild Duck*, a work almost as far ahead of *A Doll's House* in creative potency as *A Doll's House* itself is ahead of, say, *Still Waters Run Deep*. But if I am asked what I take to be Ibsen's technical masterpiece, I reply with very little hesitation, *Rosmersholm*. That marvellous play seems to me flawless in structure. It has all the closeness of texture of the earlier, and all the poetry of the later, plays. Ibsen's very

greatest period, I take it, extended from *The Wild Duck* to *The Master Builder*, inclusive, though the middle play of this group, *The Lady from the Sea*, falls somewhat below his highest level. After *The Master Builder*, we can trace a little relaxation of mental fibre, in the fact that he lays foundations which seem somewhat out of proportion to the superstructure he raises upon them. He did nothing—absolutely nothing—more masterly from a purely dramatic point of view than the first act of *Little Eyolf* or the second act of *John Gabriely Borkman*; but in the conclusion of both these plays the lyric poet gets somewhat the better of the dramatist. And yet—after all—I am inclined to think that this is merely the inevitable consummation of the process of evolution I have tried to suggest. In

The Fortnightly Review.

breaking away from the French formula, which is, with all its merits, essentially prosaic, Ibsen was merely setting free the poetical element in his genius. When the poet of *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* produced *The League of Youth* and *Pillars of Society*, it was indeed a case of Apollo serving in the house of Admetus. Having learned all that that bondage could teach him, he finally cast it off in the last scene of *A Doll's House*, and in each of his later plays gave freer scope to the divinity within him. It is reported that when some one asked him how he wrote his plays he answered, "I take an incident from life within my own experience or knowledge; I throw in a little poetry; and that's how it's done!" A very simple recipe, if only you happen to be Henrik Ibsen.

William Archer.

THE END OF THE FIRST DUMA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

Sir,—There were two main causes of the sudden Dissolution of the Duma, and the two were closely connected. In general, the Duma was dissolved, because it was carrying on propaganda amongst the people. Yet, after all, it could not easily have taken any other line. Of course, we know that old-established Parliaments do not devote themselves chiefly to discrediting the Governments which are supposed to work with and through them. But when you have passed a vote of no confidence, and the Ministry will not resign, must you necessarily adopt the second-hand Parliamentaryism of Germany and bow to the yoke? The Duma was no graceful concession of an all-powerful Monarch; it was the result of an expression of national opinion, as decisive and as moderate as can be found in the history of non-Parliamentary States. If it had pretended to be a respectable bureaucratic college of

assessors, it would simply have denied its origin; it would have simply been dishonest. So great was the gulf between the old and the new, so many were the obstacles put in the way of the new so-called "legislative body," that it was certain that not even the most moderate Bill, if it were not backed by national pressure, had a chance of passing intact. Who was to put the final signature to such Bills? In principle it might be the Emperor; but in practice, to put it clearly, it might be the last person to visit the Imperial Cabinet. The Emperor throughout this critical year, while Russia has been altering every day, has practically not strayed beyond the gardens of Peterhof. And he has given his confidence, not to any representative of the old nobility of the Empire, but to a faddist lawyer, Mr. Pobyedonostseff, and to a promoted police officer, General Trépoff. Was the Duma

to recognize in these men its natural lords? After the failure of the Japanese War, after the failure of purely police measures of internal repression, where remained the infallibility of these gentlemen? After the disclosures of Prince Urúsoff, and the continued persistence of these men in Court influence, where remained their sense of decency? Hence it was in a vulgar struggle of Court favorites that the destinies of the Duma were decided. No! One must have only a paper conception of what is Constitutionalism if one rebukes the Duma for its failure. After all, it failed because it was too moderate, because it never persistently raised the question of the right to influence of powers behind the throne. We think too well of ourselves to ever imagine that we could tolerate as much. How could we, whose Parliament is in touch with the nation, whose Premier is in touch with the Parliament, and whose Sovereign is in the closest touch with the Premier, tolerate the idea of a state of things where the President of the Duma is never once admitted to private audience with the Sovereign, and where the chief of his adversaries can enter the sacred presence at almost any hour of the day?

I quote some remarks of Conservative Members of the Duma. Mr. Stakhóvich, in a speech which was practically an apology for the Government, spoke of it as "a Government which we do not understand, and which does not understand us." Prince Urúsoff told me that it was his chief wish "that the Emperor should go down the Nevsky Prospekt at 9 o'clock every day." The Conservatives in their final address after the Dissolution say: "From the side of the Ministry which was in power we have met, not with help, but opposition, carrying us into a strife with it which made co-operative work impossible." These men—Prince

Urúsoff, Count Heyden, Mr. Stakhóvich—are the old nobility, the natural Conservatives of the country; they represent the small minority of some fifty who formed the party of "Peaceful Renovation" to work for a peaceful settlement.

As for the majority, composed of the Cadets and the Labor group, it understood from the beginning that its main support was in the nation, and that its main policy must be one of pressure. There were faults of detail, but any other policy would have been a farce.

The second and more special cause of the Dissolution was the land question. It was by this that the Cadets, who had the leadership of the Duma, hoped to capture the support of all the peasants. The Peasants' Union had been formed with the aim of securing "all the land for those that labor." Out of the Peasants' Union had developed the formidable Labor Party. The principles of land tenure in Russia are historically quite different from what they are in England, and compulsory expropriation, with compensation, is accepted even by the majority of Conservatives; for instance, it forms an article of the programme of the first party of Peaceful Renovation. The Cadets practically adopted no more than this principle. But they were always more anxious to treat with the strong Left than with the weak Right; and though there were no delusions amongst themselves, they allowed their Land Bill to appear more Radical than it really was. They gave it the greatest prominence, and permitted almost every peasant to air his views on the subject, in the hope that each speech would become propaganda in the speaker's constituency. Many of these speeches were written out in advance, and no doubt many of them were sent home. The Ministry began by declaring all expropriation, however conducted, to be "inadmissible," and

thereby separated itself from the whole mass of intelligent opinion in the country. But it later came forward with a not unreasonable project of its own, and, to meet the propaganda of the Duma, it issued a definitely polemical "official communication" to the country in which it praised up its own project and decried that of the Duma. The tension on both sides was become intolerable; for the Duma had meanwhile been showering interpellation after interpellation on to the Ministry, revealing one by one all the weak spots in the old order of things. The Duma replied to the "official communication" by a Resolution combating the Government propaganda, and asking the people to be patient and wait for the Duma Law. This Resolution, which was practically an appeal to the people, was not happily worded. For, while lacking in strength, it revealed irritation. These defects were felt by the House, and so strong was the debate on them that the chief leaders of the Cadets (who, by the way, had not been responsible for the wording of the Resolution) for a time lost control of the debate, and, on division, suffered a serious check. This was the moment chosen by the enemies of the Duma. After long wavering between a Cadet Ministry and Dissolution, the Emperor was induced to decide in favor of Dissolution.

Though the blow was quite unexpected, the majority of the Members present in St. Petersburg found

The Spectator.

their way out to Viborg, in Finland, where the last discussions were marked by great restraint and solidarity, and where an Address was adopted refusing taxes and conscripts to the present Government, and disclaiming all responsibility for future foreign loans. For different reasons, the first two of these points are weaker than they would seem to be, but the third is certainly a strong retort to the Government. We at least must remember that all three embody claims which have been embodied in English precedent for centuries (no taxes without Parliament, the Mutiny Act, and the control of finance by the Commons).

This Address marks the limit of what may be called "Constitutional resistance." The alternative to it was a Constituent Assembly with a revolution. It is just possible, after all, that M. Stolypin may prove to have made a "fool's mate"; but the task which he has undertaken seems enormous. One does not see how he is going to rule without sheer reaction (which indeed has already taken the shape of the closing of newspaper offices and clubs and the prohibition of all meetings), and we may guess that a great convulsion may come in the near future.

Anyhow, there has been a Duma, and a promise of another is contained in the Decree of Dissolution. And the work of the late Members cannot, in my opinion, be wholly lost. May nothing too extreme come in their place.

Bernard Pares.

THE LORDS AND THE EDUCATION BILL.

The authors of the Education Bill may claim the unusual distinction of having started two great controversies, neither of which has any direct connection with the professed subject of the measure. Theological passion has been aroused by the Bill to a quite unusual degree. It would be untrue to say that the Church of England is united in preferring another plan to that offered by the Government, because whenever Churchmen have come together to consider the question, they have carefully avoided making any alternative proposal. They have seldom ventured to declare what is the real wish of many of them—that things should be left as they are; and they seem quite unable to say what would satisfy them short of this. But, though they may be divided on this point, they are almost of one mind as regards the demerits of the particular solution provided for them by Mr. Birrell, and even the minority among them who are ready to accept the Bill are anxious to amend it in some of its most vital provisions. The Roman Catholic opposition is equally strong, and in one respect more significant. The majority of Churchmen probably are Conservatives, and in that character they might possibly have found ground for complaint in any Education Bill introduced by the present Government. But, regarded as a Parliamentary force, the Roman Catholics have every desire to keep on good terms with the Liberal party. Their Parliamentary mouth-piece is Mr. Redmond, and his followers are the only section of the House in which they have any real influence. But the Government have succeeded in the difficult task of bringing English Catholics and Irish Nationalists into line. There was only one

question on which this could have been attempted with any success, and this question the Cabinet had ready. There is a fair amount of discontent with the Bill among Nonconformists, but this, for the most part, is of the manageable kind. Mr. Perks and his friends will complain, but they will submit. When we remember that the Bill is in name and profession a Bill to make better provision for the education of children under 14, and that the religious difficulty has all along been one of the chief hindrances to educational progress, it is really a triumph of perversity that the latest effort in educational legislation should have greatly enlarged the force and area of this particular obstacle.

A second difficulty has now been added. This time it comes from the Constitutional side. The Education Bill is distasteful to the Lords for more than one reason. The majority of the Peers sit on the Opposition side, and they are naturally disinclined to show favor to the principal measure of a Liberal Government in its first year of office. They belong to the classes which are most hostile to the social revolution which the Bill is likely to bring about in villages. And the presence of the bishops arms the Opposition with special knowledge, and with special anxiety to bring that knowledge to bear. The Bill is certain, therefore, to meet with very strong resistance in the Lords, and in all probability it will go back to the Commons with many of its features altered almost out of recognition. The Lords have wisely decided to read the Bill a second time. Of the conditions which could alone justify them in refusing this measure of courtesy—conditions which were satisfied in 1893, when they threw out the

second Home Rule Bill—only one is present now. The discussion of many of the clauses has been wholly inadequate to their importance. But the majorities by which each clause has been passed have been large, except in the one instance in which the Government left members free to vote as they liked, and there is no evidence of such general hostility to the Bill on the part of the electors as would lead them to sustain the Lords in rejecting it. To read the Bill a second time, however, is quite consistent with making large amendments in it in Committee, and this to all appearance the Lords are prepared to do. There is much in it, we can readily believe, which even the Government would willingly let go. The Bill is the result, probably, of a series of Cabinet compromises, and as each in turn has involved a surrender on the part of somebody, the section which has had to give way will not view with much displeasure the reappearance of provisions which it has vainly tried to retain or insert in the Bill. The object of the Lords, therefore, will be to discover the exact point to which the amending process may be carried without compelling the Government to withdraw the Bill. This is a very delicate operation, for there are not a few Liberals who would view the disappearance of the Bill with nothing more than a decent expression of conventional indignation. They are not so much in love with the Government proposals as to welcome the inevitable intrusion of ecclesiastical partisanship into municipal elections, to the equal injury of religion and of local administration, or to have forgotten—as Ministers seemingly have forgotten—that in legislation of this kind it is not enough to give this or that religious body what ought to satisfy it unless there is some reason to suppose that it will satisfy it. It is on the cards, therefore, that if the altera-

tions made by the Lords were large enough to furnish a pretext for withdrawing the Bill the Government would take the opportunity of bringing forward a much shorter measure which would relieve the specific grievance created by the Act of 1902, and leave the larger questions raised by the present Bill for future consideration.

And why, it may be asked, should any one wish to discourage the Lords from taking this course? You admit, we may be told, that the Bill is faulty in many particulars. What better way, then, out of the difficulty can be suggested than such an amendment of it as would lead to its withdrawal? There are two conclusive reasons for rejecting this suggestion. This first is that we cannot be sure that the majority in the House of Commons would not see in it an opportunity for forcing on a conflict which would interest them very much more than one on education. There are many in that majority who would like nothing better than a fight with the Lords, partly because of an abstract dislike to an hereditary Legislature, or to a Chamber of Revision, and partly because they fear that the future action of the Lords may greatly delay those social changes which they have more at heart than any Education Bill. Whether they would be able to bring on such a conflict with no better justification than the mutilation—as it would be called—of the present Bill is a matter which we shall not pretend to decide. It is enough for us that they might succeed in doing this, and that the mischief thus caused would be quite out of proportion to any educational advantage that might follow upon the withdrawal of the Bill. For we are convinced—and this is our second reason for preaching moderation to the Lords—that the materials for a final solution of the educational controversy are not in existence at this moment. All the proposals that have

been made in that direction stop short of what we believe to be the only logical way out of the difficulty, and the way that will ultimately be adopted. So long as a majority of the nation shrinks—or is supposed to shrink—from an arrangement by which the State shall accept the responsibility for the secular teaching of the children in elementary schools, and leave to the

The Economist.

churches the responsibility for the religious teaching, we shall never leave the wood of theological controversy behind us. We are sincerely anxious, therefore, that the Lords should do nothing to bring on a needless quarrel with the House of Commons—a quarrel in which we can see no promise of advantage either to the Constitution, or to religion, or to education.

THE SLEEP OF FLOWERS.

The stars as they revolve round the Pole indicate the time on the dial of the sky. And the flowers are earth's constellations:—

Stars that in earth's firmament do shine.

Some of them, as the daisy, like certain stars of the sky, never set:—

These pearly Arcturi of the earth
The constellated flowers that never set.

These earth stars, then, like those of the sky, may be used as clocks. The child makes the seeded dandelion its floral timepiece, and tells the hour by the number of puffs required to blow off all the seeds. Such a clock, though fully satisfying the demands of childhood, was hardly scientific, so the great Swedish botanist, Linnæus, set about making a floral clock of greater accuracy. On this clock the hours were to be marked by the opening of various species of flowers. Linnæus's floral clock is an interesting conception, and its construction leads into important fields of botanical observation, but it cannot claim to keep astronomical time. The stars of earth are less regular than the stars of the sky.

Let us glance for a moment at the floral time-piece of the Swedish botanist. On its dial the hours were marked by the opening of certain flow-

ers. The times at which each blossom opened at Upsala were carefully observed by Linnæus, and those which showed the requisite amount of regularity in expanding were chosen to mark the hours. Here are a few of them. The earliest hour on the clock was three A.M., and this was marked by the opening of the flowers of a species of *ipomœa*. At four o'clock the goat's-beard struck the hour by opening its yellow blossoms, and it was followed by the Iceland poppy at five. The spotted cat's-ear awoke at six, and various species of sow-thistle and hawkweeds chimed the quarters between six and seven. Shepherd's Weather-glass marked the hour of eight by opening its bright eye to the sun. Nine o'clock was marked by the unfolding of a marigold, and ten by a *mesembryanthemum*. At eleven the Star of Bethlehem, the *Dame d'onze heures* of the French, expanded its white blossoms. The evening hours were marked by the opening of the night-flowering catchfly at five, followed by the evening primrose at six. At seven the clock ends with the opening of *Cereus grandiflorus*. In our greenhouses, however, this plant does not open its large white flowers till ten o'clock. A plant of another species of *cereus* in the Glasgow Botanic Gardens used to begin to open between seven

and eight, and would be fully expanded by ten.

The daisy, or Day's Eye, the *dages eage* of the Anglo-Saxons, is so-called because it opens with the rising sun and closes at its setting. Chaucer marks the habit in the well-known line:—

The daisie, or else the eye of the dale.

And the Saxon name above noted shows that the Saxons also observed it. Herrick makes poetic use of the daisy's sleep in his *Pastorall Sung to the King*, where the Shepherd Mirtillo says of his beloved:—

And when at night she folded had her sheep,
Daisies wo'd shut and closing, sigh and weep.

In another poem he intreats them not to close too soon:—

Stay but till my Julia close
Her life-begetting eye.

He points out to them also that the marigolds are still open:—

No marigolds yet closed are.

Shakespeare, too, alludes to it, calling this flower:—

The marigold that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping.

The marsh marigold, the "winking Mary-bud" of Shakespeare, is another sleeper. And so, when "Phœbus 'gins arise," then "winking Mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes." But if the daisy and marigold thus go to bed with the sun there are others which do not wait for the westening of the orb of day to begin their slumber. The goat's-beard closes its sleepy eye at midday, and is hence sometimes known as "Jack-go-to-bed-at-noon," or "Nap-

at-noon." But if the goat's-beard is thus early to bed, it is also an early riser, opening its flowers about four o'clock. Cowley writes of it:—

The goat's-beard, which each morn
abroad does peep,
But shuts its flowers at noon, and goes
to sleep.

So regular is the goat's-beard in closing that it has been called Flora's clock, and taken as a dinner-bell:—

Till Flora's clock, the goat's-beard
marks the hours,
And closing says "Arise, 'tis dinner-time."

This clock, however, is a little affected by the weather, and when it is very cloudy it postpones the dinner-hour. The dandelion-leaved hawk's-beard is another "go-to-bed-at-noon," closing its eye about mid-day. You go out in the morning, and see its widely opened flowers alive with bees, and pastured on by numerous small beetles. You return in the afternoon while the sun is still hot, and lo, they are all closed, and the bees are gone! The blue flowers of the chicory do not awake from their nightly slumber until about eight, and by four in the afternoon they have gone to bed again. The daisy and the marigold rise and go to bed with the sun, but there are other flowers which depend even more directly on the orb of day. When the sun shines they open, and when his rays are hidden by a cloud they close. The crocus, for example, will open and close many times in the day as the sun shines out, or withdraws behind a cloud.

Other blossoms are sensitive to weather changes, and are hence known as meteoric flowers. When the weather is fine they open, but when a storm is approaching they take their sleep. Thus, when the barometer is falling and clouds are gathering for

rain, the scarlet pimpernel closes its bright little flowers. It has hence been called the Shepherd's Weather-glass. Other flowers, again, are on night duty, and must take their sleep during the day. The white flowers of the tobacco plant which were so beautiful and fragrant last night, are to-day closed and hanging down limp and flaccid. As the cool of evening comes on they will open, and raise themselves again, offering their fair white blooms to the night-flying moths. Towards evening, again, the evening primrose will unfold its pure yellow blooms. Before the middle of next day, however, they will be hanging limp and dead, never to open again. A little friendly artificial darkness will induce the evening primrose to anticipate its usual time of opening. Cover up a bud ready to expand, say with your hat, and it will wake up in the welcome gloom.

The Outlook.

The sleep and awaking of flowers seems to be influenced by light and darkness. They awake with the rising sun and sleep when he declines, or expand in the dark and shut up with the advent of day. Or again, they open and close as sunshine and cloud succeed each other. These movements, however, are to a certain extent independent of the sun. This was shown long ago by De Candolle, and has been recently confirmed by Mr. Francis Darwin. De Candolle kept certain flowering plants in darkness, and also in artificial light. He found that they opened and closed their flowers at about their usual times, although kept in continual light or darkness. A species of *convolvulus*, for example, still followed the clock in its hours of sleep and waking, though kept all the time in artificial light. The darkness did not prevent a flower from waking, nor did the light disturb its sleep.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

From the Henry Altemus Company come two slender volumes in uniform binding, either of which will while away a half hour agreeably. In "The Watermead Affair" Robert Barr romances in his lightest vein of a spendthrift earl, a clergyman's daughter, and an automobile. In "The Tin Diskers" Lloyd Osbourne describes amusingly the experiences of a pretty American heiress, chaperoned for a European tour by an eccentric aunt who insists on joining the search for a tin disk to which a London newspaper has attached a prize of a thousand pounds. The satire of a current craze will be particularly enjoyed.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's clever pen turns easily from romance to reflection, and his latest volume, "A Benedick in

Arcady" will be greeted with special pleasure by readers who recall "A Bachelor in Arcady." The earlier characters reappear—Tom Lad and his redoubtable wife, Stylesey, the Wanderer, the Squire, Cathy, and the Bachelor himself under his new name—and upon a slender thread of narrative is spun a succession of leisurely essays on such topics as "Old Taverns," "A Wander Day," "Birthday Presents and a Village Blacksmith," "The Lavender Ladies," "Superstitions" and "An Autumn Comedy." An infusion of mild satire gives piquancy to the style, but the chief charm of the book is in its descriptions of English country life. E. P. Dutton & Co.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are the American publishers of two companion vol-

umes on "The Museums and Ruins of Rome" which visitors to Rome,—whether hasty tourists or painstaking students—will find extremely useful. They are of convenient pocket size, and fully illustrated,—the Museums with 170 and the Ruins with 98 illustrations, besides plans. Dr. Walter Amelung writes of the Museums, and has added to the present edition three chapters which are not contained in the original German edition; and Professor Heinrich Holtzinger describes the Ruins. Both are competent students and critics, and the fruit of their joint labor is far enough from the ordinary hack work of the professional maker of guide-books. All the memorials which remain in Rome of its splendid past, all its collected antiquities and works of art, all its historic sites and ruins are described and pictured in these two volumes with a lucidity, a just appreciation and a sense of proportion which leave nothing to be desired.

Among early forthcoming publications of E. P. Dutton & Co. is "Side-lights on the Home Rule Movement," by Sir Robert Anderson. Sir Robert is the son of Mr. Matthew Anderson, who was Crown Solicitor in the City of Dublin, and the younger brother of the late Sir Samuel Lee, who succeeded his father in the office. To these two men, Samuel and Robert, the stability of the British government in Ireland owes more than to any other individual. They were, in office, moved by the most stern sense of duty, and "wise as serpents"; and on their social side, they were "harmless as doves." They were both when very young men, influenced by a deep sense of religion;

earnest, yet silent and modest men. The present author was a man in his boyhood. He has the entire workings of the Fenian movement at his fingers' ends. When only twenty-six, he was called to London as adviser to the Home Office in matters of political crime, and occupied a position of great influence and responsibility. He has retired from office.

Two narratives of travel make up the twenty-first volume of the reprint of *Early Western Travels*, published by the Arthur H. Clark Company of Cleveland. Both relate to adventures and explorations in Oregon in the fourth decade of the last century, but they are written with quite a different purpose. The first is the now very rare monograph "Oregon, or a Short History of a Long Journey," written by young John B. Wyeth, of Cambridge, who accompanied the Oregon expedition of his stouter-hearted cousin Nathaniel J. Wyeth, in 1832, but abandoned it en route, and wrote this narrative quite as much as a deterrent against like enterprises as an account of his own experiences and observations. The narrative, naturally, has a vivacity not usual in graver travel-records; and, in spite of the temper in which it is written, its interest justifies its inclusion in this series. The second monograph is John K. Townsend's *Narrative of a Journey Across the Rocky Mountains to the Columbia River*. This is an account of a second expedition, partly commercial and partly scientific, made in 1833 and 1834, under Wyeth's leadership. It is graphic and well-written and gives a more serious account of Wyeth's enterprise than that written by his disheartened young kinsman.